THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

CONTAINING

Young Patrician .... *Page* 107
Royal Chase.—Its present State 107
Hare Hunt, remarkable 108
Coursing 108
Coursing Card 108
The Snowballs 109
Arabian Horses 109
Oatland Stakes 111
Thornton, Col. his Trial 112
Game Act, Letter on 113
Esquire, Question on the Title of .. 114
False Dice, the Detection of 115
Close-Docking Horses, Cruelty of .. 116
Sea-swallows in Lapland, a Curious Account of 119
Singular Instance of Preservation .. 119
Animal Biography.—Oran Otan .. 121
Turf 125
Cricketing.—Sampford and Thaxted 127
Coursing Anecdote 128

Coursing Meetings.

Flixton 129
Kinross 130
Modern Sports and Games, the Origin of 131

Crim Con Race.

Bromley *v.* Wallace 134
Moore *v.* Durnford 139

Law Cases.

Loughan *v.* Wade 143
Whaley *v.* Moore 143
Davey *v.* Chamberlain and Another 144
Box-Lobby Lounger 145

Boxing.

Black Sam and the Boot-Closer 147
George Maddox and Pitton the Jew 148
The Naraganset Hunter 149
Game Cock.—Captain of the Marlborough 150
The Bowman's Glory 151
History and Antiquities of the Parish of St. David 151
Every man his own Judge 152
Rural Sports 153
Hyde Park Disaster 156
Theatricals.—Family Quarrels 157
Death of Mr. Roger Kemble 160
Kemble, Mr. Stephen, his Address 160
Feast of Wit 161
Sporting Intelligence 162

POETRY.

When the Morn stands on tiptoe .. 165
Favourite Hunting Song 165
New Parody of Shakespeare 166
Another 166
Kemble's Address at the Theatre at Stockton 167
A New Song 168
Epilogue to the Entertainment of the Lock and Key 168

EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. *A Portrait of Young Patrician.*—II. *An Etching of the Hyde Park Disaster.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY *ALL THE* BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

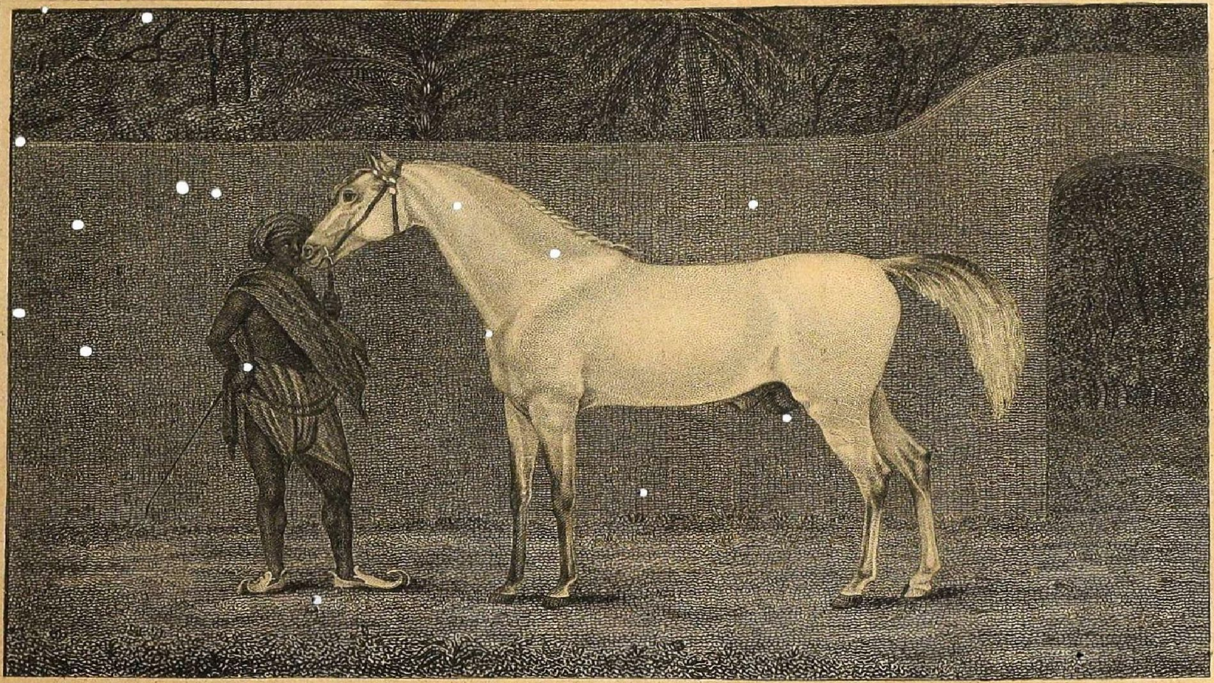
A Fair Sportsman of Shropshire, in answer to Philostatus, on the impropriety of Hare hunting, in our next.

Our old Friend A. B. of Castle Heddingham, will perceive his appropriate Communication on the Cruelty of Close-Docking Horses, in our present Number.

J. J. B.'s ingenious Extract relative to the excellence of the Asses in Egypt, in our following Number.

The Interesting Historical Sketch of the Town of Newmarket, from that popular work, "The Beauties of Great Britain," was only preveuted from insertion this month, by an unforefeen influx of matter.

The particulars of Mr. Knight the Huntsman, not come to hand yet.



From a Painting by Pichon. J. Chapman Sculp.

YOUNG PATRICIAN.

Published according to act of Parliament Jan. 1 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

YOUNG PATRICIAN.

WE have been favoured with a beautiful Drawing of this horse, sent from the East Indies; and with it came the following account, and which is the whole of the communication received concerning him. The drawing is from the pencil of J. J. Pichon, Esq. The engraving, which is very accurately executed, is by Mr. Chapman.

Young Patrician, a colt four years old, bred at Pulta stud, by Sir C. W. Blunt, Bart. got by the well-known Arab horse, Patrician, out of a country mare; and is now the property of the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley.

Calcutta, July 28, 1801.

WITH the foregoing, we likewise received, from the same quarter two drawings, one the Ground-Plan, and the other a Perspective Elevation, of Mr. Antoine De L'Etang's Repository in Calcutta, drawn by his friend J. J. Pichon, Esq. Under the Elevation is written—

View taken the 29th of July, 1801, when the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, K. B. Governor-General, &c. &c. honoured the Repository with a visit. Dedicated to Charles Cockerell, Esq. who, conjointly with Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. projected and liberally encouraged and patronized the undertaking.

These drawings are so much out of size for our purpose, that we had determined to return them without using; but on further consideration, shall adventure to have them engraved. Their novelty will please, and, we trust, give great satisfaction to our friends in India.

ROYAL CHASE.

ITS PRESENT STATE.

IT has been our custom to introduce some account of the ROYAL CHASE, as an accommodation to our distant readers, happy, no doubt, to receive particulars of a SPORT in which his Majesty personally engages. Circumstances, however, respecting his Majesty's health, are known to have arisen, that rendered it prudent and necessary not to encounter so great a length and severity of fatigue. The plan has, therefore been considerably contracted. His Majesty formerly rode

ten or twelve miles to the spot where the deer was turned out and the hounds were laid on, and seldom had less than from ten to fifteen or twenty miles to ride home. This having been *thought* by the Faculty, and *found* by his Majesty rather too much (for a pleasure that might be so often pursued), it is now usual to turn out only *three* or *four* miles from the Castle; in Cranbourne Wood, Winkfield Plain, or, at farthest, the course at Ascot Heath; and, short running deer being principally selected to avoid the chance of long chases, they have hitherto been too insignificant to report; not a single run of any length, or singularity, having occurred since the commencement of the season. His Majesty continues in good health and equal spirits, hunting with the stag-hounds constantly, one day excepted, in consequence of a temporary inconvenience.

A REMARKABLE HARE HUNT.

MONDAY the sixth June, a hare was found by the harriers of Mr. William Beauchamp, of Chobham, and Mr. John Collyer, of Horsell, Surrey, near the seat of Sir Richard Onslow, Bart in the parish of Chertsey. She went off in a style that seemed to bid defiance to her pursuers, taking over the common towards the seat of Sir William Abdy, Baronet, which she passed a little to the left, bending her course to the King's Beech Hill. Leaving the beeches on the right, she took the direction of Swinley Lodge, from thence over the Borough Hill, near Blacknall, which she passed on the left, and went through a gentleman's park, pointing to Warfield church; from thence to a gentleman's farm called Hawthorn Close, at which place she was killed by her weary pursuers, after a run of three hours almost without a check, and at a distance of nearly fifteen miles, exclusive of heads and doubles. She was much larger than common hares, and is supposed to be the same which for two years past bid defiance to the hunters, coursers, and poachers of the neighbourhood.

COURSING.

ON Thursday, November 26th, a party of gentlemen met in Cheveley field near Newmarket, for the diversion of a day's Coursing. Near 30 brace of hares were coursed, six brace and a half of which were killed.—A hare was found by one of the party, and Mr. James Baddison's two bitches were pitched upon to course her; after good law being given, the bitches started, but had not ran far before a second hare got up; the bitches parted, and ran the hares singly, when, after a course of nearly two miles, each bitch killed her hare. From the fineness of the day, and the situation of the pedestrians, who could see the coursing very distinctly, the whole was a pleasing sight, not often to be equalled, as most of the hares ran for the side hill plantation.

The day following, though a fog, produced good sport. A famous bitch, the property of Mr. John Smith, of Newmarket, ran five courses, and killed two brace of hares in a capital style.

COURSING CARD.

MR. HODGSON considers the DECISION given at the last Flixton Meeting, respecting the match run on FRIDAY the 12th ult. betwixt Major Topham's greyhound dog, Blacksmith,

Blacksmith, and Mr. Hodgson's bitch, Duchess, which was given to the former by the Frier, and whom Mr. H. afterwards objected to, as wrong. The decision, Mr. Hodgson thinks, as he believes do many persons who were on the ground that day, ought to have been in favour of *Duchess*.

Duchess is only five quarters old—not five years, as inserted in the papers.

Stamford Bridge, Dec. 1, 1802.

(See page 129.)

THE SNOWBALLS.

COLONEL THORNTON'S string of *Snowballs* has been challenged by several other gentlemen of late besides Mr. Durand; but this northern race of greyhounds, though bred and trained on the *Flixton Wolds*, are not deemed *hardy* enough at present to enter the fair lists of sporting with one of the southern counties!

ARABIAN HORSES, &c.

A Complete account of the most noted foreign horses, viz. Arabians, Turks, Barbs, &c. that have been imported into England, for the purpose of breeding racers, and from whom the best blood in the kingdom has descended.

The *Helmsley Turk*, was an old Duke of Buckingham's, and got Bustler the Coffin Mare. Mr. Place of Dimsdale, stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, stole this mare out of the stud, and concealed her in a cellar, till the search for her was over.

Place's *White Turk*, was the property of Mr. Place, stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, when Protector, and was the sire of Wormwood, Commoner, and the great-granddams of Windham, grey Ramsden, and Cartouch.

Royal Mares. King Charles the second sent abroad the master of the horse, to procure a number of foreign horses and mares for breeding, and the mares brought over by him, as also many of their produce, have since been called Royal Mares.

Dodsworth, though foaled in England, was a natural Barb. His dam a Barb mare, was imported in the time of Charles the second, and was called a royal mare. She was sold by the stud-master, after the King's death, for forty guineas, at 20 years old, when in foal, by the Helmsley Turk, with Vixen, dam of the old Child Mare.

The *Stradling*, or *Lister Turk*, was brought into England by the Duke of Berwick from the siege of Buda, in the reign of James the second. He got Snake, the Duke of Kingston's Brisk, and Piping Peg; Coneyskins, the dam of Hip, and the grand-dam of the Bolton Sweepstakes.

Byerly Turk, was Captain Byerly's charger in Ireland, in King William's wars, 1649, &c. He did not cover many bred mares, but was the sire of the Duke of Kingston's Sprite, Duke of Rutland's black Hearty, and Archer; the Duke of Devonshire's Basto; Lord Bristol's Grasshopper; Lord Godolphin's Byerly gelding, and Mr. Knightley's mare, Greyhound. The cover for this foal was in Barbary, after which his sire and dam was purchased, and brought into England, by Mr. Marshall. He was got by King William's white Barb Chillaby, out of Slugey, a natural Barb mare. Greyhound got the Duke of Wharton's Othello and Rake; he also got Panton's Whitefoot; Osmyn a very fleet horse; Lord Hallifax's Goliah, Sampson, and Favourite, all 12st. plate horses; Desdemona, and other good mares.

D'Arcy White Turk, was the sire of O'Hautboy, grey Royal, Cannon, &c.

D'Arcy

D'Arcy Yellow Turk, was the sire of Spanker, Brimmer, and the great-great-grand-dam of Cartouch.

The *Marshall*, or *Selaby Turk*, was the property of Mr. Marshall's brother, stud-master to King William, Queen Anne, and King George the first. He got the Curwen O'Spot, the dam of Windham, the dam of the Derby Ticklepitcher, and great-grand-dam of the Bolton Sloven, and Fearnought.

Curwen's Bay Barb, was a present to Louis the Fourteenth, from Muley Ismael, King of Morocco, and was brought into England by Mr. Curwen, who, being in France when Count Byram, and Count Thoulouse, two natural sons of Louis the Fourteenth were, the former Master of the Horse, and the latter an Admiral, he procured of them two Barb Horses, both of which provèd most excellent stallions, and are well known by the names of the *Curwen bay Barb*, and the *Thoulouse Barb*. Curwen's bay Barb, got Mixbury and Tantivy, both very high formed galloways, the first of them was only 13 hands 2 inches high, and yet there were not more than two horses of his time that could beat him, also Brocklesby, Little George, Yellow Jack, Bay Jack, Monkey, Dangerfield, Hip, Peacock and Flatface, and also Long Meg, Brocklesby, Betty, and Creeping Molly, extraordinary high formed mares; and Whiteneck, Mistake, and Lightfoot, very good mares. He got two full sisters to Mixbury one of which bred Partner, Little Scar, Soreheels, and the dam of Crab; the other was the dam of Quiet, Silver Eye, and Hazzard. He did not cover many mares, except Mr. Curwen's and Mr. Pelham's.

The *Thoulouse Barb*, became afterwards the property of Sir T. Parsons, and was the sire of Bagpiper, Blacklegs, Mr. Panton's Molly, and the dam of Cinnamon.

Darley's Arabian, was brought over by a brother of Mr. Darley of Yorkshire, who, being an agent in merchandize abroad, became member of a hunting club, by which means he acquired interest to procure this horse. He was sire of Childers and Almanzor, Duke of Somerset's white legged horse; Cupid and Brisk, good horses; Dedalus, a very fleet horse; Dart, Skipjack, Manica and Aleppo, good plate horses, though out of bad mares.

Sir Williams's Turk, afterwards Mr. Turner's of Suffolk, got Mr. Honeywood's True Blue, the best plate horse in England for four or five years, and got the Rumford gelding, and Lord Onslow's grey horse.

Belgrade Turk, was taken at the siege of Belgrade, by General Merci, and sent by him to the Prince de Craon, from whom he was sent as a present to the Prince of Loraine, he was afterwards purchased by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, and died in his possession, about 1740.

Croft's Bay Barb, was got by Chillaby, out of the Moonah Barb mare. He was reckoned a very indifferent stallion.

Godolphin Arabian. Of this valuable stallion, strange as it will undoubtedly appear, scarce any records are extant; all that can be discovered, after strict inquiry, is, that he was a brown horse, about fifteen hands high, that he was first the property of Mr. Coke, and given by him to Mr. Roger Williams, keeper of the St. James's Coffee-house, by whom he was presented to Lord Godolphin, and that he continued in his Lordship's possession as a private stallion till his death. To those who are thorough conversant with the Turf, it would be superfluous to remark, that he undoubtedly contributed more to the improvement of the breed of horses in this country, than any stallion before or

or since his time: it would be equally unnecessary to enumerate his get; to those who are less acquainted with the annals of racing, the names of Cade, Regulus, Blank, Babraham, and Bajazet, may serve as a proof of the remark; and it may not be amiss to observe, that almost, if not entirely so, every superior horse of the present day, partakes of his valuable blood. He died at Gogmagog, in 1753, in the 29th year of his age, and is buried in a covered passage, leading to the stable, with a flat stone over him, without any inscription. In regard to his pedigree, from all that can be collected, none was brought over with him; as it was said, and generally believed, he was stolen.—It may appear trifling to notice the extraordinary affection shewn by this horse to a cat, who lived in his stable, which was more particularly manifested by his extreme inquietude on the death of that animal. We mention this circumstance merely to account for the introduction of a cat in the portrait of the Godolphin Arabian.

It may not be useless to observe, that the Arabians of a later day have almost constantly varied their titles with their owners: the Barrington Arabian, being afterwards stiled Gibson's; the Northumberland, brown Arabian, Leede's; the Compton Barb, the Sedley Arabian; the Khalan Maga, Lord Ossory's; the Bolingbroke bay Arabian, who won the Arabian plate, Lord Ferrers's; and the Bolingbroke grey Arabian, being known both as the Pigot, and Combe Arabian.

So few have been brought into England of late years, and those such bad stallions, that a detail of them is unnecessary. J. J. B.

It may here be noticed, that several Arabian Horses have lately been imported, and offered for sale at Tattersals: those who have seen them, will judge of their value; we offer no opinion.

OATLAND STAKES.

THE following is a correct List of the Horses named for the Oatland Stakes, to be run for in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1803. The weights are to be fixed by the 1st of January: next month we shall be able to lay them before our readers:

Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, aged
Mr. Radcliffe's Rebel, 6 yrs
——— Lucan, do.
Mr. Howard's Chippenham, 6 yrs
Gen. Grosvenor's Lady Catherine, 6 yrs
——— Quick, 5 yrs
Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, 5 yrs
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay, 5 yrs
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, 5 yrs
Mr. Heming's Kill Devil, 5 yrs
Mr. Lumley Savile's Cinnamon, 5 yrs
Mr. Dawson's Quiz, 4 yrs
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 4 yrs
Ld. Grosvenor's 'Squire Teazle, 4 yrs
Mr. Watson's Striver, 4 yrs
Mr. Heming's Pugilist, 4 yrs
Mr. Lockley's Attainment, 4 yrs
Mr. Cresswell's Tulip filly, 4 yrs
Mr. Bigges's Phœnix, 4 yrs
Mr. Kellerman's Fusileer, 4 yrs
Sir F. Standish's sister to Gouty, 4 yrs
——— Duxbury 3 yrs
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper, 3 yrs
Mr. Howorth names Gulliver, 3 yrs
Mr. Whaley's Informer, 3 yrs
Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 3 yrs
Mr. Coventry's Sir John, by Stride, 3 yrs
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, 3 yrs
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin, 3 yrs
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, 3 yrs
Ld. Grosvenor's Martha, 3 yrs
Ld. Clermont's Piscator, 3 yrs

COLONEL

COLONEL THORNTON.

THIS gentleman, so celebrated in the sporting world, having some literary transactions with a Mr. Martin, they quarrelled, and which produced the serious charge exhibited against him in the under-mentioned report, and which we publish, to prevent any false impressions on the minds of our readers.

Old Bailey, December 8.

THOMAS THORNTON, Esq. late Colonel of the West York Militia, was indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury, having made oath that Mr. Martin, the prosecutor, was indebted to him L.100, and upwards, when, in fact, no such debt existed.

The counsel for the prosecution opened the charge. He stated, that the defendant had been a Colonel in the Yorkshire Militia. In the year 1799, he became acquainted with Mr. Martin, who is well known to the public as a man of letters, and agreed with him for a certain price to arrange some papers for him, and write a vindication of his conduct in six courts-martial, where Colonel Thornton had been accuser. The defendant himself had been tried at two courts-martial, on the proceedings of which, he himself had intended to publish some strictures, but afterwards thought proper to make an agreement with Mr. Martin to undertake this part also. Mr. Martin delivered the papers, and received money at different times, amounting in all to L.118. 6s. For the strictures on the two courts-martial where Colonel Thornton had been defendant, he demanded 100 guineas, including the price for the correction of the press. Colonel Thornton, however, being of opinion that this demand was extravagant, refused to give any more than L.50. This offer Mr. Martin repeatedly refused; and at this very time, when Colonel Thornton confessed, by these offers, that he was indebted to the prosecutor, he went to the King's Bench and swore that Mr. Martin was L.100 and upwards indebted to him.

Mr. Martin stated, that he had agreed with Colonel Thornton to arrange some papers with a view to their publication. A disagreement having arisen about the price of the work, he was arrested at the house of Bateson, the printer, at the suit of Colonel Thornton, for L.100 and upwards. Mr. Martin had in consequence drawn up an indictment for perjury against Colonel Thornton.

Upon his cross-examination by Mr. Garrow, the defendant's counsel, it appeared that he had been formerly curate of St. Ann's, Soho, and afterwards a silversmith, at the corner of Hemming's Row; that he had written a satire on the conduct of Colonel Thornton in this transaction, which he distinguished by the name of *Thorntoniana*, and threatened to publish it, in case of the defendant's non-compliance with his terms. Mr. Garrow expressed some apprehensions that *Garrowniana* would soon appear, in consequence of this cross-examination.

Mr. Morrice, a counsellor, who had been an arbitor between the two parties, stated, that Colonel Thornton had said, in his presence, that the work had proved libellous, and was therefore of no use to him, and that the latter part of it had not been delivered up; so that he thought, in order to bring the business to an issue, that he might safely swear that Mr. Martin was indebted to him L.100 and upwards.

Some other witnesses were called, but could prove nothing. The charge of perjury, therefore, resting only on the attestation of one witness (Mr. Martin) was of course dismissed.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

ON THE GAME ACT.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!
THOMSON.

THERE is no character more eagerly wished for, in this country, than that of a sportsman; and the proprietors of land have, at last, prevailed upon the Legislature to confer upon themselves the sole privilege of killing game. How far this destructive title is consistent with reason, equity, or justice, shall be the subject of my immediate discussion. When the Creator of the universe made man, he gave him unbounded dominion over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, wild and tame. In the exercise of this right, Nimrod acquired the appellation of a mighty hunter; and Esau went to the field in search of venison. From the creation to the deluge, and from that to the foundation of Rome; nay, from this last period, to long after the introduction of the feudal system into Britain, men enjoyed those rights in the fullest extent which were conferred upon them by their Maker. At last, however, when freeholders came to form very exalted notions of property, and to entertain contemptible ideas of those whom Providence had placed below them, the landholder began to restrain the liberty of the layman, and in process of time, bellowed out in the most assuming and arrogant manner, *Huc non amplius est precedendum*. Game laws now took place, and the partridge was decreed to be unfit for the palate of the peasant. The whole tribe of fowls and animals, which are termed Game, were instantly decreed to belong only to the landholder, and the laity subjected to prosecution, penalties, and arbitrary punishments, if they presumed either to kill or eat them.—In order to point out the absurdity of these laws, it will here be necessary to enter into a definition of the term PROPERTY.

Property, therefore, will be found to be, the right of using and disposing of a subject at one's pleasure. What cannot be brought under the power of any one person, can never be considered as his property. Every thing that can be acquired by occupation, viz. by appropriating that which hath no owner, and seizing the possession, comes within the denomination of private property; but those things which never had, nor cannot have any owner—such as wild beasts, fowls, and fishes, &c. are altogether excluded the notion of property, and the original law takes place. The first apprehender becomes the indisputable proprietor of them. It is obvious, therefore, that every person has an equal right and title to game of all sorts; and that such can never be deemed the property of any other than the apprehender. In open violation of the law of God, and the invariable and immutable law of nature, our game statutes punish the presumption of the peasant with a penalty of twenty pounds sterling. This is, perhaps, the most absurd of all human enactments! What! fine a man for destroying that which belongs to nobody, and which was evidently created for a common benefit to all! Fine a man twenty pounds for depriving a creature, not worth twenty-pence, of existence! I would here beg leave to ask our legislators, what proportion the punishment bears to the crime? It is indeed true that an unlicensed landholder is in the same predicament, with regard to the penalty, as the beggar: but it is no less a fact, that the latter, by taking out a certificate, is not therefore entitled to

to hunt without leave of an heritor; he is still liable to be prosecuted upon an older statute, which fixes the penalty at five pounds sterling: so that the poor are, to all intents and purposes, prohibited and debarred from treading upon the surface of the earth in quest of game, and ruined into the bargain, if they shall be so fortunate, or rather unfortunate, as to kill any. Nay, what is still worse, no mortal must now kill a hare upon the highway, *regia via*, under the above penalties. Thus far these laws are partial and oppressive, and that they are impolitic, will appear from the following consideration.

Were the lieges encouraged to use the gun against fowls, they would undoubtedly be more expert in the management of it against an enemy—an exercise which few of our freeholders are very fond of. They, however, deem hunting the most manly of all other amusements. I have little inclination at present to contradict this doctrine. I admit that in one view it may be a very useful amusement; but unless there is something valiant and courageous in depriving the most harmless and defenceless of all God's works of existence, I can hardly see how it can either be considered as a manly or a glorious exercise. The conquest is but inconsiderable, and the triumph trifling.

Having evidently made it appear that every person has an equal right to kill game, by the laws of God, of nature, and the rules of common sense, I must now inform my indulgent reader, that it is not the want of a proper right and qualification, which has induced me thus to communicate my sentiments to the world, but a conviction that those laws are partial, oppressive, impolitic, tyrannical, and unconstitutional.

PHILOSTATUS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

QUESTION

ON THE TITLE OF AN ESQUIRE,

In Relation to the Game Laws.

A QUESTION has arisen, and one that is certainly of some importance to the public, in consequence of an information under the Game Laws, which does not appear ever to have been judicially determined, and therefore occasions at present some uncertainty and perhaps difference of opinion in the minds of Magistrates of the first respectability.—I am desirous of offering my thoughts on that question, before it is decided; because, if they are objectionable, some abler pen may be induced to refute them, and remove the doubts from which it sprung.

The exemptions from the penalty of five pounds for killing game, include the "Eldest son of an Esquire," which Blackstone calls "a vague and loose description;" and since his time, no legal determination has made it more definite. Some are of opinion, that the eldest sons of those who are generally *reputed* Esquires, are within the description: others think, that the application of the title is entirely at the discretion of Magistrates with regard to the game laws, and may be extended to those whose property, character, and situation in life entitle them in their judgment to that addition.

Coke speaks of Esquires and Gentlemen, as if he knew no line by which they were each legally distinguished.

Blackstone, after acknowledging it to be uncertain, who are *real* Esquires, gives an opinion derived from the Herald's office; and no information beyond that is contained in Burn's Justice.

The

The plea which caused this doubt was that of property; the person who was informed against for killing game, advanced, that he was eldest son and heir apparent to one possessing real estates, of sufficient value to include him in the exemptions.

According to Blackstone, no estate whatever will confer the legal title of Esquire; but it must be remembered, that this assertion is not supported by any judicial decision; it is the assertion of one, who, however great in his profession, spoke not so much from his own judgment of its propriety, as from the custom of heraldry and opinion of Camden the antiquary. Every man, particularly every Magistrate to whom the question is submitted for adjudication, must therefore, from want of precedents or other clear guide, have a discretionary power to decide according to his own judgment of propriety. If they have not such power, and it is determined that *no Property* can give the exemption pleaded for; see, what absurdities are the consequence!

A person may be made an Esquire who has only one hundred pounds a year estate, by suing out a *dedimus*: here the law determines what property shall entitle a man to be an Esquire for the purpose of the administration of justice; and shall not property exempt a man from penalty for killing a partridge, by giving the addition of Esquire for that purpose also? Surely the negative to this question would be a great absurdity.

Suppose the case, and it will prove no uncommon one, that a person possesses five hundred pounds a year real estate, but from some cause or other is not able to kill game; shall his eldest son not be deemed exempt from penalty for killing a partridge, which was bred and fed upon his father's estate; and a stranger or any other person, having only one hundred pounds a-year, be allowed to kill one or all the partridges upon the estate, without any penalty? I grant that the stranger or other person may be kept off the estate, by a notice not to trespass; but from this another absurdity arises: *No* person can kill any game upon that estate—the owner not being able; his eldest son not being allowed, if Magistrates so determine; and all other persons being discharged as trespassers. Surely it is desirable to avoid absurdities, but infinitely more so to prevent oppression.

If game, being *feræ naturæ*, is the property of no one, except in free warrens, it may be asked, Why have we such severe laws for its preservation? The answer, in a commercial nation, is as easy as it is just: labour is of essential value, and must not be wasted where necessity requires that it should be industriously and usefully employed. Men who depend on their labour for their daily bread, and upon whose labour, properly directed, the welfare of a state depends, are, for the good of that state, deprived of inducements to idleness, or useless pleasure: to prevent the misapplication of their time, the legislature wisely determined, amongst other things, to take away the inducement which game might prove, if allowed to be killed by those who have no time to spare from honest labour in the support of themselves and families, by fixing a penalty on the destruction of game by them. But what evil is there to be apprehended from a liberal construction of the game laws, when applied to those whose property is of the magnitude I have mentioned.

 In

In the time of Edward II. twenty pounds a-year was deemed a sufficient qualification for the title of knight, now equivalent to about two hundred and forty pounds a-year. Six hundred pounds a-year is now the qualification required by law for a knight of the shire to represent a county in parliament. Three hundred pounds a-year, sufficient to entitle a person, in respect of property, to a seat in the House of Commons, and to the address of Honourable.—Surely then, if those precedents have any weight, five hundred pounds a year must, by reasonable men, be thought sufficient to repute a person an Esquire under the game laws, for the purpose of exempting his eldest son from the penalty of five pounds for killing game.

Should it, notwithstanding, be determined that no property can give any exemption in this way, I think it will be scarce necessary to recommend to eldest sons, so situated, an early application to parliament for the removal of such an absurd and oppressive restraint.

JUVENIS.

DETECTION OF FALSE DICE.

THE late detection of Mr. S— being a common topic of conversation in the gaming world; it is a matter of some surprise that a true scale of the dice, and the mode in which deception is practised, has not been made public. On inquiry they are found to be the same as Capt. H—e who was detected last season at Brighton, and whose dice are now in the possession of Lord C—, in whose presence they were opened the next day, having been sealed up on the night of detection, of which the following is the scale:

On one die, two fives, two fours, two threes.—On the other die, two sixes, two fives, two aces.

With these dice, it is impossible to throw what at hazard is called crabs; that is, aces, or ace and deuce, twelve, or seven; the latter the caster always called for his main: and consequently, as he could neither throw out, or seven, let his chance be what it might, was sure to win, and he, and those who were in the secret, always took the odds. The method made use of with these dice, we are happy in having it in our power likewise to make known, as it may prevent the young and unwary from being taken in, in future.

The false dice being concealed in the left hand, the caster takes the box with the fair dice in it, in his right; and, in the act of shaking it, catches the fair dice in his hand, and, unperceived, shifts the box empty into his left, into which he lets fall the false dice, which he immediately begins to rattle, calls his main seven, and throws away: and having won his stake, he repeats it as often as he judges right; (if a wary player, like Capt. H—e, not more than four or five times.) He then catches the false dice, in the same way, shifts the empty box again, into which he lets fall the fair dice, and then throws till he throws out, still calling the same main, by which artifice the caster escapes suspicion, and there is little doubt but this method was practised without detection by Capt. H—e and Co. for many years past, as many men of fashion in this town are now convinced of, from a recollection of their going home with empty pockets, from what at that time they supposed a run of ill-luck against them, at which they were as much surprised as unable to account for, but which it is hoped the late detections, with the account here given, will in future prevent.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE GREAT AND WANTON CRUELTY OF CLOSE-DOCKING HORSES.

In thy behalf, the crest-wav'd boughs prevail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail;
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man cannot restore;
Thy weapon of defence, thy greatest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

AS Editors of a Sporting Magazine, the writer supposes it to be your ultimate end, wish, and design, to offer your numerous readers whatever has a probable appearance of affording them information, giving amusement, or of awakening and encouraging a susceptibility of the fine feelings of humanity, to a due regard of tenderness towards the brute creation, and those enjoyments and conveniences in which these ought to participate, for their usefulness and services rendered to mankind; but this is no more than a right which they have to expect from man; hence, if the following observations are likely in any degree to promote such an amiable susceptibility, you will not hesitate in giving them a place.

What a critic's opinion may be of the lines here quoted, by way of motto, with respect to their poetical diction, beauty of sentiment, ease, and harmony of numbers, the writer will not inquire. To him they are pleasingly beautiful; and what raises this pleasing sensation, is those humane feelings and sentiments conveyed to his mind on the perusal of the above lines. The subject matter is worthy much observation, and justly merits the most serious and mature attention. It ought to make a forcible and lasting impression on the minds of all men, and to influence their actions in future. Were men really humane, or were not their humanity wholly absorbed by the prevalence of fashion and custom, and too much attention to slight conveniences and fastidiousness, they would, from their souls, detest the horrid fashion, the barbarous custom of close-docking horses, and afterwards keeping their short stumps so closely clipt, that they cannot keep off the flies from a part endowed with the nicest sense of feeling; for there the irritating little vermin lodge in clusters. The unavailing contortions made by the poor sufferers so irritated, one would think must wound every beholder, and put man upon seeking for artificial means for their defence; but instead of this, it is man who robs the poor animals of that provision which kind and wise nature has given them for their defence and protection.

The practice or fashion of close-docking horses is common among the Suffolk horse-dealers and farmers; nor is it wholly disused in the neighbouring counties. The practice is the result of an unthinking barbarity, an enormity the most horrid, and so absurd, that it should fix an odium on the human character.

A horse is a beautiful animal, a noble creature, a useful domestic, a faithful servant, a patient drudge; he submits to any kind of labour, endures the collar and trace, toils at the plough and cart from morning till night, supports hunger and thirst

thirst, unkind and ill-treatment; and all this without much show of uneasiness, discontent, or of seeking revenge. Nor is the horse to be valued for his labour only, but for his speed likewise. For many of the ill-treated and mutilated animals, are not only capable of much hard labour, but agile in their motions, and of sure feet, safely and speedily taking their owners to church, to market, or to any place of amusement.

And what can be said in defence of a practice easily made to appear no better than wanton cruelty? To man is given hands of exquisite formation, flexibility, and feeling, every requisite that can render them wonderfully useful, defensive, and convenient. But to the horse these members are denied. Instead of hands, kind and provident nature has given to the horse a tail, strong and flexible, finely and beautifully clothed with long and shining hairs, which hang from it like rays upon a cloud. This beautiful and highly ornamented part of the horse, is the free and great gift of the universal Creator. Then how came, how dare man to rob him of it?—Can any thing be said in extenuation of a practice so extravagant and absurd? It may be alledged that it has long been in general practice; we only follow the fashion. And who then was the author or origin of a practice so derogatory to reason, justice, and humanity? It is impossible to point him out. We may, with reason, suppose that the example was first set by a kind of heterogeneous being, one who was partly a Fribble, and partly a Bully; some tyrant difficult of access, and scarcely to be spoken to; one to whom every slight trouble and little inconveniency was to give place. It may be supposed that a being of this despicable description was incommoded by honest dobbin's tail; that he dashed his coat one day, and whisked his face the next. These liberties were too great for honest dobbin to take with a nice and capricious master, who was ready to quarrel with the wind for blowing the dust in his face, and he put himself in a great passion, as Fribble says in the farce, and swore that never a horse of his should in future put such gross indignities upon him; and directly sent for a farrier to cut off his horses' tails close to their root. Ludicrous fashions, and inhuman practices, often take their rise from slight and trifling beginnings. Men, without reflecting, without reasoning, suffer themselves to fall into the manners and habits of those whom they ought either to neglect or ridicule, and to put in practice acts which reason and humanity would teach them to shun and detest; as the act of close-docking horses must be by every man who thinks maturely.

The horse is a noble creature; perhaps the most perfect of all the animal race. His every part is well proportioned, and beautifully exact, beyond the art of man to delineate with pencil or brush; his countenance is sprightly and courageous, yet friendly and generous; his neck, in the Scripture language, is clothed with thunder, and his movements nobly grand. The horse glories in war, yet without thirst of revenge or blood; he is joyous in the chace, yet without cruelty or rapacity; he thinks of no savoury morsel for private indulgence and gratification, but is temperate in his aliment, coveting nothing more than the common herbage of the field; and with contentment goes to the next river, pool, or lake, to assuage his thirst.

An Addison, a Johnson, or a Goldsmith, would probably have thought

thought on the above subject till they had fallen into a reverie, and then in a dream have seen such ill-treaters of horses metamorphosed into mutilated horses, irritated almost to madness, by swarms of flies, and making unavailing efforts to displace and drive them away. He would have called to his assistance a supernatural agent, who should have shown the reason and justice of such poor, degraded, and suffering wretches. In this manner he would have given the public a very moral document. But as the matter need only to be seriously thought on, and must then be detested and avoided, the writer will only entreat that men will seriously think of it.

However, the writer of this declares himself to be no friend to very fine feelings. He sees no reason why a man should tremble with fear and anxiety lest a hair from his horse's tail should fall to the ground. Man, as a deputy-governor in the brute creation, seems to have a right and just title to consult his own safety and conveniency; which he will not fail doing as far as is consistent with humanity. But the rational and merciful man will not allow himself to commit unnecessary and wanton acts of cruelty. As he is careful to reserve a lock of the mane, to assist him in mounting, he will be as careful that his horse's neck is graced and beautified with a thin hanging mane up to his ear. The rational man is not a slave to fine feelings, to superstitious notions, or to a fastidiousness of temper; he will not suffer his horse's tail to draggle in the mire for want of pulling and trimming, yet he will be careful to allow him a sufficient length of tail to clear his posterior parts of contending vermin, which would irritate and suck his blood.

A. B.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT

OF THE

SEA-SWALLOWS IN LAPLAND.

From Acerbi's Travels.

WE experienced, says the author, additional pleasure every time the fishermen returned from their labour. Joy seemed to brighten up their countenances; their approach was announced to us long before we saw them, by the flocks of sea-swallows hovering in the air, and appearing, by their cries, to welcome the arrival of the fishermen on the shore. These birds feed on the small fishes which the men throw out to them, or leave in the boats when they clear their nets. There appeared to be an agreement and understanding between the men and these birds, which depend on the fishery for support during that season. They came duly at the same hour in the morning, as if to inform the fishermen it was time to begin their work; and the men needed no other regulator. The birds set off with the boats, and served them as guides, by hovering over those parts of the lake where the fish were collected in the greatest shoals. The sight of these birds is particularly keen, so that when the fishermen heard their cries, and saw them plunging into the water, they knew those were the most proper places to cast their nets in; being never deceived, but, on the contrary, never failed to take the most fish where they were directed by the birds. The fishermen had such an attachment to these swallows, that they expressed much uneasiness whenever we seemed desirous to take some of them by way of specimen. The birds

were

were become so tame and familiar, that they would seize the small fish in the nets in the presence of the fishermen; and they were so nimble in their flight, that if a fish was thrown up in the air, they would dart down upon it, and catch it in its descent, before it reached the water. As the fishermen appeared to be apprehensive they would leave them if a gun was to be fired off, I made a trial of taking them by means of a hook and line. Accordingly, I contrived to bury a hook in the body of a fish, and holding one end of the string, to throw the bait at some distance from me: but this contrivance was useless; for such is the keeness of the birds, that they discovered the device; and, though they seized the fish, they would not swallow it when they found it made fast to a string.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PRESERVATION.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your very entertaining Magazine for October last, the public are favoured with an extraordinary instance of the providencial preservation of a gentleman near Margate; permit me to accompany it with one not less extraordinary, and you will oblige

Your constant reader,

EXYZ.

THE action here alluded to, arose from the presence of mind and resolution of a British sailor on board his Majesty's ship Boyne, a few minutes previous to its explosion, off the Isle of Wight, near Spithead.

There is something in the actions of magnanimous men that diffuse, through the well organized mind, a sensation not to be expressed; and, like the voice of heaven, at once demand our attention and awake our reverence. How delectable do the heroes of antiquity shine on the pages of their historians! we survey these luminous Portraits, and proudly acknowledge the brilliancy of the master that presented them to our contemplation: but there is a race of living heroes who have a much higher claim to our admiration; men who, for perseverance and greatness of soul, surpass the luminaries of the most distant times, from Epaminondas to Fabius, or our own Cœur de Lion; men whose undaunted courage, amidst the greatest difficulties, has delivered them from those perils which ever involve the coward, and confound the timid; presence of mind that becomes as well the hero, as the sage, and leads to safety in spite of apparent impossibilities.

I was led to these remarks by a singular instance of preservation extended to an infant boy, a few minutes before the powder on board the Boyne blew up that magnificent vessel; the fact comes within my own knowledge, and hundreds live to gratify the incredulous.

When the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board his Majesty's ship Boyne, off the isle of Wight, a seaman was peaceably sitting in his birth, with his wife and son, a little boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began; and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, with the greatest composure

and

and presence of mind, took from the pens the most fleecy sheep of the captain's live stock, and securely bracing his infant boy on the back of the animal, dropped them together through a lower port into the sea. "There, said the father, go, steer for the land, and God go with you;" and then, encouraged by her husband, the wife leaped unterrfied into the briny tide: the seaman followed and supported the woman above water, till the surrounding boats came to their assistance, and they were both instantly taken up but little the worse for the venture; while the sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen to make towards the ſhore of the island, with young Ben Bowling riding on his back, like an infant river god, to the vast delight of the congratulating spectators on the land, who, from the tenderest motives, encouraged him to sit quiet; and, to ensure the boys safety, even rushed into the watry element, where they met the young navigator, and presently *un-sheeped* him. Having succoured little Ben with the greatest tenderness, the populous presented him to his adventurous parents.

The singularity of this event attached the patronage of a most liberal lady, of Fairy Hill, near Bradling in the Isle of Wight, who having prevailed on the father and mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared, in the most friendly and affectionate manner, that "as the boy had began his naval services on a Lamb, she would never quit him till he was able to end it like a Lion."

Who knows our little Hero's future fate?
Some noble Hawke may conquer for the
state;
May wield for Britain's good the chas-
t'ning rod,
And bear the Trident like another God.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 63 of our last number.)

THE ORAN OTAN.

THIS animal, in appearance, approaches much more nearly to the human form than any others of the Ape tribe: and it has, from this circumstance, even sometimes obtained the appellation of "Man of the Woods."

The specimens of the Oran Otan, which have been brought into Europe, have seldom exceeded three feet in height; but it is said that when full grown their height is at least six feet, and that their strength is then so great, that they are able with ease to overpower the most muscular Man. Their colour is generally a kind of dusky brown; their feet are bare, and their ears, hands, and feet, nearly resemble the human; and indeed their whole appearance is such as to exhibit a most striking approximation to the human figure. They have, however, a flatter nose, more oblique forehead, and the chin without any elevation at the base. The eyes are likewise too near each other, and the distance betwixt the nose and mouth much too great.

When Dr. Tyson's Oran Otan, which we shall soon have occasion farther to notice, was examined anatomically, a surprizing similitude was also seen to prevail in its internal conformation. It differed, however, from Man in the number of its ribs, having thirteen, whereas in Man there are but twelve. The vertebræ of the neck were also shorter, the bones of the pelvis narrower, the orbits of the eyes were deeper, the kidneys rounder, the urinary and gall bladders were longer and smaller, and the ureters of a different

different figure. Such were the principal distinctions between the internal parts of this animal and those of Man; in almost every thing else they were exactly the same, and discovered an astonishing congruity. Indeed many parts were so much alike in conformation, that it might have excited wonder how they were productive of such few advantages. The tongue, and all the organs of the voice, were the same, and yet the animal was dumb; the brain was formed in the same manner with that of Man, and yet the creature wanted reason: an evident proof, as M. Buffon finely observes, that no disposition of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed in vain, when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

These animals are found in the most desert places in the interior of Africa, and the island of Borneo. They feed on fruits, and, when they happen to approach the shore, will eat shell-fish or crabs. Their resting-places are in trees, where they are secured from the attacks of all predacious creatures except Serpents. We are assured by a traveller, quoted by the Count de Buffon, that he saw their habitations, composed of branches of trees, so interwoven as to protect them from the heat of the Sun; and we are told by another person, that, in the breeding time, the males relinquish these to the females and their young. The Oran Otans are not, in their actions, lively and frolicsome, but are much more deliberate and sedate than the rest of the tribe. If a Negro is unfortunate enough to wander in the woods, and be discovered by them, they generally attack and kill him. They are able even to drive off the Elephant; with a piece of wood in their hands, or only with their fists, they will so teaze the huge beast, that in the end he is induced to retire. They have been known to throw stones at those who have offended them. Bosman informs us, that behind the English fort at Wimba on the coast of Guinea, several of these Apes fell upon two of the Company's slaves, overpowered them, and were about to poke out their eyes with some sticks, when a party of Negroes happened to come up at a fortunate moment to their rescue. It is said that they sometimes steal the Negresses, and carry them off into the woods. A Negro boy was carried off by an Oran Otan, and lived with them upwards of a year: on his return he described many of them as being as tall and more bulky than a Man, and he says that they never attempted to injure him in any respect. The young is said to hang on the belly of the dam, with its hands fast clasped about her: and whenever the females are killed, these will always suffer themselves to be taken.

This is all the information we have been able to obtain respecting the Oran Otan in its wild state: the following are accounts of it therefore in a state of captivity and domestication.

The manners of the Oran Otan, when in confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part, harmless, prefectly devoid of that disgusting ferocity so conspicuous in some of the larger Baboons and Monkies. It is mild and docile, and may be taught to perform with dexterity, a variety of entertaining actions in domestic life.

Dr. Tyson, who, about a century ago, gave a very exact description of a young Oran Otan then exhibited in London, assures us, that, in many of its actions, it seemed to display a very high degree of sagacity,

city, and was of a disposition uncommonly gentle; "The most gentle and loving creature, says he, that could be. Those that he knew on ship-board, he would come and embrace with the greatest tenderness; and, as I was informed, though there were Monkies aboard, yet it was observed, he never would associate with any of them; and, as if nothing akin to them, would always avoid their company." He used sometimes to wear clothes, and at length became very fond of them: would put part of them on without help, and carry the remainder in his hands to some one of the company for their assistance. He would lie in bed, place his head on a pillow, and pull up the bed-clothes to keep himself warm, exactly as a man.

M. Vosmaer's account of the manners of an Oran Otan, brought into Holland in the year 1776, and lodged in the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, is so exceedingly curious, that we shall present the reader with an extract from it.

"This animal," says M. Vosmaer, "was a female: its height was about two Rhenish feet and a half. It shewed no symptoms of fierceness or malignity, and was even of a somewhat melancholy appearance. It was fond of being in company, and shewed a preference to those who took daily care of it, of which it seemed to be sensible. Often when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having sometimes been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay of its bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed, by every demonstration, to invite him to be seated near. Its usual manner of walking was on all fours, like other Apes*; but it could also walk on its two hind feet only. One morning it got unchained, and we beheld it with wonderful agility ascend the beams and rafters of the building; it was not without some pains that it was retaken, and we then remarked an extraordinary muscular power in the animal; the assistance of four men being necessary in order to hold it in such a manner as to be properly secured. During its state of liberty it had, amongst other things, taken the cork from a bottle of Malaga wine, which it drank to the last drop, and had set the bottle in its place again. It ate almost every thing which was given to it; but its chief food was bread, roots, and especially carrots; all sorts of fruits, especially strawberries: and it appeared extremely fond of aromatic plants, and of the leaves and root of parsley. It also eat meat, both boiled and roasted, as well as fish. It was not observed to hunt for insects, like other Monkies; was fond of eggs, which it broke with its teeth, and sucked completely; but fish and roasted meat seemed its favourite food. It had been taught to eat with a spoon and a fork. When presented with strawberries on a plate, it was extremely pleasing to see the animal take them up, one by one, with a fork, and put them into its mouth, holding, at the same time, the plate in the other hand. Its common drink was water, but it also very willingly drank all sorts of wine, and particularly Malaga. After drinking, it wiped its lips; and after eating, if presented with a tooth-pick, would use it in a proper manner. I was assured, continues our writer, that

* There is no doubt whatever, from the horizontal position of the pelvis, and some other circumstances, that this is the natural mode of walking of the whole tribe; and that their going entirely upright is only the effect of education.

that on ship-board it ran freely about the vessel, played with the sailors, and would go like them into the kitchen for its mess. At the approach of night it lay down to sleep, and prepared its bed, by shaking well the hay, on which it slept, and putting it in proper order; and lastly, covering itself warm with the coverlet. One day, seeing the padlock of its chain opened with a key, and shut again, it seized a little bit of stick, and put it into the key hole, turning it about in all directions, endeavouring to see whether the padlock would open or not. This animal lived seven months in Holland. On its first arrival it had but very little hair, except on its back and arms: but on the approach of winter it became extremely well covered: the hair on the back being three inches in length. The whole animal then appeared of a chesnut colour; the skin of the face, &c. was of a mouse colour, but about the eyes and round the mouth of a dull flesh colour." It came from the island of Borneo, and was, after its death, deposited in the museum of the Prince of Orange.

The Oran Otan, which the Count de Buffon saw, walked always on two feet, even when carrying things of considerable weight. His air was melancholy, his gait grave, his movements measured, his disposition gentle, and very different from that of other apes. He would present his hand to conduct the people who came to visit him, and walk as gravely along with them, as if he had formed a part of the company. He frequently used to sit with company at dinner. When he would unfold his towel, wipe his lips, use a spoon or a fork, to carry his victuals to his mouth; pour his liquor into a glass, and make it touch that of a person who drank along with him. When invited to take tea, he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed without any other instigation than the signs or verbal orders of his master, and often even of his own accord.

Hamilton saw an Oran Otan in Java; he says, its habit was grave and melancholy: that it would light a fire, and blow it with its mouth; and that it would broil a fish to eat with its boiled rice, imitative of the custom of the human race.

One of these animals that Le Comte saw in the Straits of Molucca, is described as possessing manners very similar. It walked upright, and used its hands and arms like a man; and indeed its actions were in general so nearly allied to those of mankind, and its passions so expressive and lively, that a dumb person could scarcely render himself better understood. Its joy or anger it signified by stamping with its foot on the ground. It had been taught to dance; and would at times cry like a child. While on board the vessel, it frequently ran up the rigging, and played as many antics aloft, to divert the company, as a rope-dancer. It could leap with surprising agility and security from one rope to another, though fifteen or twenty feet asunder.

We are told by Pyrard, that these animals are found at Sierra Leone, where they are strong and well formed, and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants: that, when ordered, they will pound any substances in a mortar; and that they are frequently sent to fetch water from the rivers in small pitchers, which they carry full on their heads; but,

but, when they arrive at the door of the dwelling, if these are not soon taken off, they suffer them to fall, and when they perceive the pitcher overturned and broken, they utter aloud their lamentations. Barbot says also, that they are frequently rendered of use in the settlements on the coast of Guinea, by being taught to turn the spit, and watch the roasting of meat, which they perform with considerable dexterity and address.

M. de la Brosse, who purchased from a Negro two Oran Otans, remarks that they would sit at table like men, and eat there every kind of food without distinction. That they would use a knife, fork, or spoon, to cut or lay hold of what was put on their plate. That they drank wine and other liquors. At table, when they wanted any thing, they easily made themselves understood to the cabin-boy; and when the boy refused to answer their demands, they sometimes became enraged, seized him by the arm, bit, and threw him down. The male was seized with sickness, and he made the people attend him as if he had been a human being. He was even bled twice in the right arm: and, whenever afterwards he found himself in the same condition, he held out his arm to be bled, as if he knew that he had formerly received benefit from that operation.

Two of these animals were sent from the forests of the Carnatic, by a coasting vessel, as a present to the governor of Bombay. They, like the rest of the species, had many human actions, and seemed, by their melancholy, to have a rational sense of their captivity. They were scarcely two feet high, but walked erect, and had, very nearly, the human form. The female was taken ill during the voyage, and died: and the male, exhibiting every demonstration of grief, seemed to take it so much to heart, that he refused to eat, and lived only two days afterwards.

"I saw at Java, says Guat, a very extraordinary Ape. It was a female. She was very tall, and often walked erect on her hind feet. Except on the eye-brows, there was no hair on her face, which pretty much resembled the grotesque female faces I had seen among the Hottentots at the Cape. She made her bed very neatly every day, lay upon her side, and covered herself with her bed-clothes. When her head appeared to ache, she bound it up with a handkerchief, and it was amusing to see her thus hooded in bed. I could relate many other little circumstances which appeared to be extremely singular; but I by no means admired them so much as most other persons did, because, as I knew the design of bringing her to Europe to be exhibited as a show, I was inclined to think that she had been taught many of these monkey-tricks, which the people considered as natural to the animal. She died in our ship, about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope.

(To be continued.)

THE TURF.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I REMEMBER to have read in your entertaining publication, or some other Sporting production a few years since; "that a predecessor of the present House of ONSLOW, who then kept Running Horses of some celebrity, had permitted his training groom to take two of his stud, with each a lad, a summer's excursion to run for Country Plates; and although in their tour

tour of four months, they were the winners of *seven* Fifty-Pound Plates, yet, upon their arrival at home, the Groom, who had received the L.350 produced a DEBTOR and CREDITOR account, bringing in his Lordship, *debtor*, an additional L.50, which his Lordship instantly paid, without a momentary expostulation; and the following morning ordered the RACING STUD to be sold *without delay*, and his name or his horses never more appeared upon the TURF." Unfortunately for me I have fallen into a similar predicament, and as there is some degree of alleviation to misfortune, in unburthening the mind, I claim from you not only the sympathy of SPORTSMEN, but the privilege of communicating the great effect of my *good luck* for the advantage of those, who may be inclined to *profit* by my example. Having been born with a *small portion* of HIGH BLOOD in my veins, and, thanks to my industrious predecessors, a tolerable decent lot of *dirty acres* in my possession, I became anxious to insure some degree of POPULARITY, and in the furor of a *sneaking affection* for the Turf, no means appeared to me so truly expeditious as the being rapidly conveyed in the RACING CALENDAR, from one extremity of the united kingdom to the other. The plan was no sooner laid than executed, success crowned my inquiries, for in less than *ten days* I was the happy owner of two Horses in training, my name appeared to different sweepstakes, and my anxiety for the arrival of letters *daily*, descriptive of the *state*, *speed*, and *condition* of my Horses, exceeded conception. With the most heartfelt satisfaction, I must acknowledge my thirst for popularity upon the Turf is most completely satiate, for although one of my stud, by some interested finesse of my training groom has never been brought to the post during the season, yet the other, happy consolation, has, by a mode of *secret influence*, won no less than *eight* different *Plates* and *Sweepstakes* in various parts of the kingdom. As a follower of the fashion, keeping Horses of this description, more from mental expectation than personal enjoyment, I seldom saw them *run*, but regularly received from my training groom the earliest information of *our success*, and his receipt of the *winnings*, not without some surpize that no part accompanied his letters in the pleasing form of a *remittance*. Possessing some small portion of philosophy, I waited most patiently for the close of the season, and the publication of the last Racing Calendar for this year; when writing to my prime minister for a state of our *pecuniary* affairs, he informs me per post, that "he is so much engaged with his different Horses in physic, he has no time to make out the account at present, which is not *very material*, as there is only a *trifling ballance* in my favour." Now, gentlemen, the fact is, he has had my two Horses in training since the month of April; he has received *as winnings*, three hundred and eighty guineas, and writes to me, "the ballance is *very trifling* in my favour." I gave his letter five minutes reflection, when "Reason took her turn to reign," and it must suffice to say in direct imitation of the late, great, and prudent LORD ONSLOW, I have given orders for my *Sporting Stud* to be instantly brought to the *hammer*, and if I ever again sport *a Horse* upon the TURF, or my name in the *Calendar*, you shall have certain permission to report me *hereafter* in your entertaining miscellany, as a *Sporting Individual* at the OLD BAILEY.

Interim,

Believe me most truly your's,

HIGHFLYER, jun.

Nov. 20, 1802.

To

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the season for Cricket is far advanced, I take the liberty of sending you the account of two matches, one of which was played at Thaxted, Essex, on Saturday the 18th of September, and the other at Sampford, on Monday the 27th of September, between the single Gentlemen of both villages; in which, as your readers will perceive, the Thaxted players bore off the agreeable palm of victory.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble Servant,
J. F. jun.

Thaxted, October 15, 1802.

Match played at Thaxted.

SAMPFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. Turpin b L. Smith, Esq.	0	b W. Hills	10
— Arnold c ditto	1	st ditto	0
— Harlow b ditto	1	st ditto	2
— Webb b ditto	14	st ditto	2
— Gilby c ditto	0	st ditto	8
— Ridgewell b ditto	0	run out	9
— Mascall c ditto	1	c W. Newman	0
— Gouldstone run out	1	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Philpott b W. Newman	1	c Ingham	3
— Philpott, jun. c L. Smith, Esq.	0	not out	1
— Turner not out	1	b W. Hills	1
Byes	1	Byes	4
	21		40

THAXTED.

L. Smith, Esq. run out	4
Mr. W. Newman run out	7
— Ingham c Harlow	13
— W. Hills c Mascall	7
— Bernard b. Harlow	4
— B. Newman b ditto	11
— Freeman run out	5
— Buttle b Turpin	0
— Savill run out	0
— Simpson b Harlow	5
— L. Hills not out	4
Byes	8
	68

The Gentlemen of Thaxted won by one Innings and seven Runs.

Played

Played at Sampford.

SAMPFORD.

	FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. Turpin	c Savill	22	c W. Hills	1
— Ridgewell	c Barnard	0	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Reynolds	b L. Smith, Esq.	6	c B. Newman	0
— Harlow	b W. Hills	1	c Barnard	3
— Dawkin	st L. Smith Esq.	2	c L. Smith Esq.	1
— Webb	c Barnard	0	run out	7
— Arnold	b L. Smith, Esq.	6	b W. Hills	15
— Mascall, sen.	b W. Hills	1	c Barnard	0
— Gilby	not out	10	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Philpott	b W. Hills	1	not out	1
— Mascall, jun.	c L. Smith, Esq.	3	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
	Byes	8	Byes	1
		60		29

THAXTED.

	FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Loraine Smith, Esq.	not out	38	run out	8
Mr. W. Hills	b Turpin	10	ditto	0
— Barnard	c Reynolds	8	b Turpin	7
— B. Newman	c Mascall, jun.	2	not out	3
— Ingham	b Turpin	0	c Philpott	3
— W. Newman	b Arnold	1	c Ridgewell	2
— Freeman	b ditto	0		
— Simpson	b ditto	0		
— Savill	run out	0		
— L. Hills	b Turpin	0		
— Byatt	b Arnold	0		
	Byes	5	Byes	3
		64		26

The Thaxted Gentlemen won with five Wickets to go down.

COURSING ANECDOTE.

THE latter end of last month, a Gentleman of Worcester, paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds for the purpose of a day's coursing:—a hare was soon found, which the dogs ran for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued: and after a very considerable search, both the dogs and hare were found dead within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the dogs had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered upon her: a labouring man, whom they passed, said he saw the dogs turn her two or three times.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS, 1802.

FLIXTON,

Tuesday, November 9.

FEW members attending the first day, two matches only of those made, were run, which were as follow, five guineas each:

FIRST.

Major Topham's black bitch, Young Toy, by Snowball, out of a sister to Dent, 1
Mr. Parkhurst's black and white bitch, out of Couples, 2

SECOND.

Major Topham's black dog, Swallow, brother to Young Toy, - 1
Mr. Parkhurst's black and white dog, 2

The hares, like hares at Flixton, and unlike other hares at this season, beat the dogs after two most severe courses of about three miles each. Some other greyhounds were started for sport, but not one hare killed the whole day.

Thursday, November 11.

The following Matches were run as under:

Sir F. Boynton's brindled bitch, Scut, against Major Topham's brindled bitch, Venus, for 2gs each.—Undecided.

Mr Parkhurst's Lightning beat Mr. Foord's Camilla, for 1 guinea.

Sir F Boynton's brindled bitch, Scut, beat Major Topham's black dog, Wharram, for 2 guineas each.

Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Toy, beat Major Topham's blue dog, Timothy, for 2 guineas each.

Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Gipsey, against Major Topham's black bitch, Toy, for 1 guinea each—Undecided.

Mr. H. Boynton's Young Toy, beat Major Topham's black bitch, Venus, for 1 guinea each.

Mr. Percivall's black dog, Spanker, beat Mr. Parkhurst's blue dog, Sir Peter, for 1 guinea each.

As the last thing of the day, the PRIZE CUP of the MEETING was run for as under, an Hare being found sitting for the purpose:

Mr. Foord's black dog, Young Snowball, by Snowball - 1
Mr. H. Boynton's black and white bitch, Nettle, Mr. Hebblethwaite's breed - - 2
Mr Parkhurst's white dog, Welter - - - - 3
Mr. Dade's brown dog, Cupid 4
Mr. Percivall's brown and white bitch, fell and broke her neck 5

In running the course a farmer rode over young Snowball, and hurt him so much that he never before was so near being beat.—In the first part of the course, he shewed his usual superiority. Mr. Hebblethwaite's bitch ran well. At the conclusion of the course, Mr. Hodgson, the owner and breeder of the Dents, offered to produce five dogs the next day, to run any gentleman whatever, for any sum they pleased.—The offer being accepted, and the sum being paid, at ten guineas each match, they were run on the day following, and won as under:

Friday, Nov. 12.

1. Major Topham's black dog, Blacksmith, winner of the cup at Malton, by Snowball, beat Mr. Hodgson's white bitch, Duchess.
2. Mr. Parkhurst's white dog, Welter, beat Mr. Hodgson's brindled dog, Sir Solomon.
3. Mr. Hodgson's blue brindled bitch, Anniseed, 5 yrs old, beat Colonel Thornton's blue dog,

R Thornville

Thornville, out of condition. —This shows the incertitude of matches; Thornville, a dog well known for his great superiority in running, gave the first turn, fell, and never after could do any thing.

4. Mr. Percivall's black whelp, Young Major, by Snowball's brother, beat Mr. Hodgson's blue dog, Haphazard.—Mr. Hodgson therefore out of the four matches, lost three of them.

5. Mr. Hodgson's white dog, Rockingham, beat Mr. Parkhurst's white bitch, Lightning, for 2 guineas

Major Topham's black whelp, Swallow, against Sir Francis Boynton's black and white bitch, Scut.—Off by consent.

Mr. Percivall and Mr. Parkhurst, a match.—Off by consent.

The following dogs, entered for a PIECE of PLATE, value ten guineas, were then started, but the evening coming in very dark, no decision was given:

Mr. Foord's Young Snowball; Mr. Percivall's black dog, Dart, by Snowball; Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Gipsy; Major Topham's brindled bitch, Venus; and Mr. Parkhurst's white dog, Welter.—Mr. Percivall bought his dog, on the morning of running, of Mr. Crompton. The dog discovered a great deal of speed, and was thought to resemble old Snowball in look and shape more than any of his sons.

Saturday, November 13.

A private trial of two sweepstakes of all ages.

Skiagraphema, by Mr. Swinsen's Paramont, out of Catgut, sister to the never equalled Czarina, beat Major, Lady, Phantasmagoria, Paramont, Skyscraper, Young Major, Comet, Ann, and Young White Snowball. By Skiagraphema's running it is but justice to acknowledge, that the Flixton gentlemen feel themselves obliged to Staffordshire and Derbyshire for a most excellent cross.

Forfeit Matches to Colonel Thornton.

Sir Francis Boynton's Alicia, late Dent, to Colonel Thornton's Thornville, 200gs, p. p.

Sir Martyn Stapylton's Fly to Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria.

Sir Martyn's Smoker to the Colonel's Lady, 20gs each.

Sir Martyn's Dart to the Colonel's Major, 5gs each.

The Meeting was held at the Black Bull, at Scarborough, where every accommodation was of the best kind.

Colonel Thornton offered to produce a greyhound, his property, at the above Meeting, to run Mr. Darley's Dent for five guineas, accepted by Major Topham. If Mr. Darley did not choose for his bitch to run, Major Topham was allowed one month to decide and make his decision known, otherwise to be understood that Major Topham declined.—Dent declined.

Major Topham's Toy against Mr. Percivall's Sultan, named by Colonel Thornton, for five guineas, p. p.—Agreed to be run at the Falconer's Hall Meeting.

KINROSS COURSING MEETING.

THE cup given by the members of the Kinross meeting, for a Welch main of 16 dogs, was run for on Saturday, the 6th instant, and decided in favour of Mr. Charles Stein's Spring.—Upon the whole, the Fife blood prevailed over the Snowballs; and though they were in the best condition, their speed and bottom could not gain the prize against the original Fifeshire blood.

THE

THE ORIGIN OF MODERN SPORTS AND GAMES.

Nihil inauditum aut novum.
Cic.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following sketches being very ingeniously transcribed, from various periods of our national history, will no doubt prove entertaining to some of your readers, whom you have several times gratified with various selections relative to the amusements of former times; and, as the present essay is to make good the assertion, that there is nothing absolutely *new, or unheard of, under the Sun:* first, borrowing from an elegant modern moralist, I have to observe, these amusements were known in the fourth century.

HORSE-RACING is also of high antiquity, having been practised by our Saxon ancestors. In the time of Henry II. Smithfield was a kind of Newmarket for this sport. And here I have a very early opportunity of doing justice to modern invention, by stating that horse-racing, as a *system of gaming*, is among the glories of the seventeenth century; and that the improvements of more recent times may perhaps bring the honour of this invention still lower down. At what precise time two horses began to supply the place of two dice, or of a pack of cards, is uncertain. But that this is a real improvement, and not a variety only, will appear plainly, if we consider that horse-racing was originally practised by way of exercise, and then the owners were the riders. That intrepid, able, and honest race of young men, the jockies, is modern; and they first introduced the various uses of a rusty nail, or a pail of water seasonably administered.

ASS RACES are mentioned, and I believe for the first time, in the Spectator; consequently we may reckon them about a century old. Their having been lately revived, with great pomp and popularity, as an absolute novelty, is therefore an imposition on the public, and an act of injustice, tending to deprive our ancestors of their merits. The moderns, indeed, have done something, and let them not be robbed of it. They have transferred the glories of Tothill-fields to the sea-coast, and have induced sober and sedate citizens to contemplate these sports with a true fellow-feeling, and to take a metaphorical interest in the súccess of the animal.

FOOT RACES were known in the middle ages; and can therefore only boast in our times of a revival, that they may occasionally supply the place of a pack of cards, and evince the transferability of loose cash. But that they deserve encouragement in other respects, cannot well be doubted: a good retreat, for which they eminently qualify a man, is allowed to be an honourable branch of generalship; and I really think that no man can object to them who does not happen to have the rigid morality of a creditor, or the prying disposition of a bailiff.

SKAITING, say the antiquaries, made its appearance about the thirteenth century. As to SLIDING, it is much older; and, although I cannot fix the precise date, I should suppose that sliding and ice came in together. The slips, however, and trips made in our days, are perhaps real improvements; they have great variety, and I question if it may not be said that every man invents his own downfall. Whether the ladies be equally ingenious, is a question that has lately been agitated in the senate without being brought to a conclusion; and I shall, therefore, not presume at present to offer any remarks on the subject.

THE TENNIS COURT is in our days a very fashionable amusement, but it was well known in the sixteenth century. Modern players, however, are to be commended for having sometimes rendered it a more expeditious method of lessening the value of money than the ancient philosophers had any idea of; although, amidst our proficiency here, I am willing to allow that it frequently lessens the profits of the auctioner and the conveyancer, and that it may in time greatly injure the oratory of pulpits, and contract the circumlocution of parchments.

OF CRICKET I have only to observe, that it is about one hundred years olds; but trap-ball goes as far back as the fourteenth century; and Dutch pins, skittles, and missisippi, are of considerable antiquity. The uses of these last-mentioned amusements may be seen in the "form of service for St. Monday."

As to DANCING, TUMBLING, and all kinds of JUGGLING, they have very high antiquity on their side. Dancing *bears* may be traced to the fourteenth century. This animal, greatly to the praise of our ingenious ancestors, was probably selected to display the graces of "the light fantastic toe," from its total incapacity. "The thing," as Dr. Johnson once said, "is not done well, but we are surprized to see it done at all." The most popular dancers, next to bears, are those which come from France; and here we have no other merit, than in inventing salaries, benefits, and presents for them, which have astonished all Europe, and have demonstrated, in a land of learning and learned men, the vast superiority of *heels* over *head*.

The tricks and wonderful performances of scientific dogs and horses, and their skill in spelling and grammar, are also very old. But the *learned pig*, who flourished *Anno Dom.* 1789, was, I believe, an innovation, or an invention purely English. This eminent scholar, however, having no heirs, as his preceptor did not probably wish he should marry into an illiterate family, the breed has become extinct; and we have lived to see "learning cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude*."

Whoever is inclined to give a preference to the genius of the moderns over that of the ancients, must regret with deep-felt sorrow, that BULL-BAITING belongs not to us, but to our fathers. It may be traced to the time of Henry II. when it was a sport with the young Londoners. But whether the recent discovery that bull-baiting improves courage, fills our navy with Howes, St. Vincents, Duncans, and Nelsons, and our armies with such regiments as the brave 42d, be an invention, or a poetical fiction, I am unwilling to inquire. If it be, I can only say, it is one of those which have been hid from the wise and prudent in all ages.

Still less cause have we to arrogate to ourselves that very humane sport, COCKFIGHTING. Alas! here, indeed, we may say, there is nothing new under the sun. Cockfighting may be traced to Grecians and Romans; yet, lest the *breeder* or *amateur* should weep over the barrenness of modern times, let me hint, for his consolation, that the addition of steel or silver spurs is a modern discovery, and well deserves the praise of all who wish to see blood flow, and flow freely, and to contemplate

* Burke's Reflections, &c. first ed. p. 117.

template the agonies of death, when every pang changes the *bet*, and the last gasp may turn *pounds* into *guineas*. I am willing, likewise, to think that those horrid yells and rapid exclamations of *two to one*, *five to two*, &c. during every perceptible variety in the animal's sufferings, have the merit of novelty.

Throwing at Cocks, connected with the above, is alluded to by Chaucer; but this diversion has of late been nearly abolished by certain magistrates, who seem to have no idea of promoting good by evil, and into whose heads it has never entered that cruelty may be sport. This, some will no doubt think, is to be regretted; for as it was mostly practised by the young, it formed a very useful elementary exercise, and they had thereby an opportunity of being "trained up in the way" from which they were not very likely to depart. Much information on this subject may be derived from the four plates of that able historian William Hogarth, whose map of the road to murder is laid down with more accuracy than any thing of the kind I have ever seen.

Our claims to the invention of Dice are extremely absurd. This game was played by the ancient Germans, and by their descendants the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Of Cards I need say little, as we do not pretend to have done much more than to make them the chief instruments in uniting society and dividing property. But I must not omit to do justice to modern times with respect to the following articles, which I have not been able to trace much farther than the commencement of the last century; I mean, *hunting a pig*, *running in sacks*, and *smock races*. These, I am inclined to think, are native amusements; but it is not improbable they may migrate into France, as they were observed, not many weeks ago, to have reached the coast opposite to that country. With what dexterity that lively people may catch the pig, or run in the sack, is mere matter of conjecture; but, if we may give credit to the total want of dress in fashionable life, perhaps a shift may be an object of emulation, and those who now affront decency may be compelled to run for it.

With regard to the old-established amusements of the drama, it is not pretended that we are inventors, although we have the merit of some very important improvements which may truly be accounted novelties; such as mixing comedy and farce in proportions so exact, that the nicest critic cannot distinguish the one from the other; and such as that species of handicraft which consists in throwing down tables and chairs, and breaking china, &c. and especially that happy union so long projected, and now completed, between nonsense and music. Of these inventions, it would be mean jealousy to deprive us; but as I perceive that the newest things may in time become old, and that in spite of all our ingenuity the clamour for novelty is as loud as ever, I shall, for the benefit of all concerned, transcribe the following bill, the original of which is in the British Museum, and is about an hundred years old.

"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew fair, will be presented a little *opera*, called the *Old Creation of the World*, yet newly revived, with the addition of *Noah's flood*; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present *Noah* and his family

family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner; moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels *ringing of bells*. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with *Dives* rising out of hell, and *Lazarus* seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several *figures* dancing *jiggs*, *sarabands*, and *country dances*, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Punch."

My readers, I trust, will at once perceive why I have taken the trouble to copy this bill, by way of hint to our managers. Many of their late attempts at variety, however well meant, do not appear to me to suit the public taste better than the revival of this opera would, especially in summer, or at one of the watering places. Nor is it necessary that they should borrow one incident from one author, and a second from another, when there is in Mr. Crawley's bill of fare, articles enough to furnish out a complete entertainment, not to speak of a rational repast.

Lastly, I may remark, that *pantomimes*, although some part may be borrowed from Italy, were in fact but an improvement on puppet-shows: and an improvement, let me add, which eminently proved the liberality of our managers, as, instead of wooden puppets, they generously, and at a great expence, undertook to employ living ones, who are well known to eat and drink, and bargain for salaries and benefits.

CRIM CON RACE, IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 6.

Before Lord Alvanley and a Special Jury.

BROMLEY, *v.* WALLACE.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, and the damages were laid at L.5,000.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated, that the present action was brought by Edward Bromley, Esq. against Charles Wallace, Esq. for one of the most serious injuries a man could sustain—that of having the partner of his bed debauched, and taken from him. The plaintiff and defendant were both men in the same honourable situation of life; they were both surgeon's in his Majesty's navy, and had long been on the footing of the most intimate friendship. In 1797, the plaintiff paid his addresses to a Miss Herne, the daughter of Captain Herne, of the navy, then residing at Harwich; he married her, and for a considerable time, in fact, till the discovery of the defendant's improper conduct, lived with her on terms of conjugal harmony and domestic love. Like other gentlemen in his line of life, his professional duty obliged him at different times to absent himself from the object of his affection; but God forbid he should be told on this, or any other occasion, that the absence of an officer in the service of his country, licensed the adulterer to invade his bed. The plaintiff discovered the improper connection between the defendant and his wife in 1801, at a time when

when he was residing with her at Rochester. He happened to come home one day earlier than usual, and found his wife writing a letter; he asked her with whom she was corresponding: observing that she seemed confused, and desirous of concealing what she had been writing, he insisted on seeing it. In consequence of the contents of this letter, which the rules of evidence would not permit him to read, he was extremely alarmed, and he was convinced it was intended to be sent to his false friend, the defendant. He desired an acquaintance to make inquiries at the post-office, whether any letter had been sent there for Mrs. Bromley. It appeared that Mrs. Bromley used to call for letters; directed to a Mrs. Green—there was one laying in the post-office at the time; it was delivered up to the plaintiff, and was found to be in the handwriting of the defendant. Imagine the feelings of the plaintiff when he read such a letter, addressed to his wife, by his old friend and brother officer, one in whom he placed implicit confidence, and with whom he had lived in brotherly affection for eight or nine years. The letter was in these terms:

"My dearest and best beloved Ellen,

"I have this instant received your dear letter: there is no date, but the post-mark tells me it was written the 5th July. Surely you must have received my two letters long before this, if they are not still on board the commander in chief's ship, where all letters are sent, in order to be forwarded; but these conveyances are very rare, and you must not expect to receive letters regularly. Surely you cannot forget they were directed to Mrs. Green, at the post-office. I am compelled to hurry over these few lines, as our ship is going off. Why do you—how can you—doubt my love? No, my beauteous Ellen, doubt my being alive, but never doubt my loving you with my whole heart; you are dearer to me than any thing in this world. How long will you continue *there?* Is there a prospect of your getting away? think of me; continue to love me; for on your affection depends the happiness of,

"Your ever devoted lover,

"TONANT,"

What was meant by this strange signature it was impossible to guess, unless the defendant intended to infer that he was a thunderer, and wooed the lady as Jove of old did Semele. This letter, coupled with other circumstances, convinced the plaintiff that his wife and the defendant had carried on a criminal correspondence; he therefore insisted she should quit him, and return to her mother at Harwich. Shortly after her departure she was found living with the defendant at Plymouth, and at the Gloucester coffee house in London, and passing publicly as his wife. It was unnecessary to prove to the Jury their being seen in bed together; it was enough to trace them to the same lodging or hotel, occupying one parlour and one bed room. The learned counsel then expatiated on the extent of the injury the plaintiff had received, and the peculiar turpitude of the defendant's conduct in debauching the wife of his friend, companion, and brother officer. He then proceeded to call his witnesses:

John Page, servant to the plaintiff, proved his having been present at the marriage; he described the plaintiff and his wife as living affectionately together.

Captain Flynn knew them at Harwich and at Yarmouth; he said the

the plaintiff always behaved towards his wife in the most tender manner.

Mr. Grout, Mr. Hilliard, and Mr. Snipe, deposed not only to the mutual affection of the plaintiff to his wife, but to the intimate friendship subsisting between the former and the defendant.

Mr. James Bromley's evidence proved, that the plaintiff and his wife lived happily together at Rochester, in, and some time previous to the month of July, 1801.

Johanna Radford said, she lived servant with a Mrs. Lancaster, at Plymouth, when Mr. Wallace, surgeon of the Windsor Castle, came to lodge there with a lady, who passed as his wife; they had two rooms, but only one bed: she had seen the lady since in town.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bridgman proved her visiting Mrs. Bromley, at Plymouth, where she passed as Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Serjeant Lens addressed the jury for the defendant; he said, that, after the evidence which had been produced, he would not dispute the fact of the defendant and Mrs. Bromley having lived together publicly as man and wife. If his instructions did not deceive him, his case would be found to be one, in which, if the plaintiff's conduct did not entirely defeat his right of action, it at least destroyed his claim to more than nominal damages. He should prove, that so far from the plaintiff having uniformly behaved with affection towards his wife, he had conducted himself in a manner most likely to produce the injury, of which he complained. He had, in the first place, conducted himself most improperly, in taking his wife to sea, during a cruize of five weeks, where she was exposed to the loose conversation of the ward-room. He should also prove, that so far from paying attention to his wife, he had not only neglected her, but his neglect was attended with circumstances, which inevitably destroyed his action. At the very moment when his child was under inoculation for the small pox, he went away upon a shooting party, and shortly after, when his wife was dangerously ill at Yarmouth, and the plaintiff's ship was lying in the road, he avoided coming near her for near five weeks, though repeatedly importuned by her. He understood too, he should be able to prove, that the most unfortunate consequences had attended his illicit commerce with other women; he did not mean to insinuate, that the fatal effects of his imprudence had been communicated to his wife, but it was enough that he had himself been the victim of his infidelity. He should also be able to lay before the jury, evidence of the plaintiff's attempting to effect a criminal connection with his own servant, under the roof of the house in which he lived with his wife. Such an insult was a justification of the resentment of any woman, and if its truth was established, there was no doubt but the jury would evince their sense of his behaviour, by dismissing his complaint altogether, or by awarding him damages of the lowest denomination.

William Taylor, a surgeon at Yarmouth said, he first knew Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, about the year 1799, at Yarmouth; he was perfectly intimate with them; the conduct of the plaintiff towards his wife, till the death of his child, in October 1800, was truly affectionate; the child died of the small pox on the 25th day after it was inoculated. After the child had been inoculated, the plaintiff went out on a shooting party, to the seat of Sir Thomas Gouch, in Norfolk, and was absent four or five days;

days; when he came back the child was dying. Mrs. Bromley was very much affected. Soon after the child died, the plaintiff called on him, and said he had had an unfortunate connection, and he gave the witness a prescription to make up; his wife was at this time at their house in Yarmouth. The witness remembered being one day in the parlour of the plaintiff's house, when Mrs. Bromley came in, and accused her husband of having destroyed the child by inoculating it; the witness advised them to drop the subject, and took himself out of the room. After that, Mrs. Bromley was taken extremely ill, and, during her illness, the plaintiff entirely neglected her; she was ill of a fever seven weeks, and was attended by Doctor Girdlestone and himself. The plaintiff never came near her. His ship was in the road, and he was in the daily habit of passing near his house. He was in the habit of going every morning to play at billiards. After her recovery, he never went near her. The witness was the bearer of a message from Mrs. Bromley to the plaintiff, who begged him not to interfere, as the subject was a delicate one. On the cross-examination of this witness, he said, the plaintiff's illicit amours, and consequent complaint, were the town-talk of Yarmouth; it was, he observed, a *scandalous* place.

Maria Day said, she lived servant with Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, at Yarmouth. It was about four years ago when she went to them. After the child died, the plaintiff did not come to his house for some weeks; recollected her mistress being taken ill; during all the time she continued so, her master never came to see her, she used to go backwards and forwards with letters to her master; he promised to come to his wife, but he did not; he sent a boy with a letter. She remembered her master returning from a cruize, in Christmas 1800, when her mistress was at Harwich. It was on a Monday; he slept at home; in the course of the night her master came to her bed-room.

Tell us, said the counsel, in general, what passed?

He came into my room and got into my bed—

Lord Alvanley—While you was in it?—Yes, I was in bed.

How long did he stay there?—About half an hour.

Did he go away of his own accord?—I made a great deal to do. I said I would tell Mrs. Bromley, and would quit his house.

What did you do?—I remonstrated with him.

In answer to another question, the witness denied that any thing criminal passed between them.

The witness said, she continued to live a quarter of a year after this in the house. When her mistress got well, she returned to Harwich, and the parting between her and her husband was very affectionate.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd replied, and contended that this evidence could not furnish a legal defence to an action of this sort. That such a story, supposing it to be true, went extremely to cut down the damages he admitted; but, it was not because a husband conducted himself improperly, that he therefore gave an adulterer a right to take his wife from him and debauch her. It would be a most dangerous doctrine to say, that the improper conduct of an husband, licensed every adulterer to invade his rights. If such was the law, the libertines of the town would have nothing to do, but, after having fixed upon a married woman as the object of seduction, to inquire into every circumstance of the life of her husband; and if he should be found, in a moment

ment of intoxication, to have entered a brothel, or kissed a pretty chambermaid, to say, "O! as he has himself been guilty of infidelity to his marriage bed, she is my property; let him bring his action; and though subsequent to his error, he may have passed twenty years of conjugal happiness with his wife; though he may have since become the father of a family, and been as chaste as Joseph, who fled from the embraces of his master's wife, yet, having once been guilty, the partner of his bed is cast loose upon the world, and I have as much right to her as himself." The Learned Serjeant inferred the improbability of the truth of the circumstances, related by the witnesses for the defendant; but, supposing them to be true, he contended that they did not defeat the plaintiff's claim to damages; for it appeared that his wife had forgiven him, and that they had afterwards lived on terms of harmony and affection till July, 1801, when the discovery of the letters had produced their separation. He concluded a very brilliant speech, by enforcing his right, even under all the circumstances brought forward by the defendant, to exemplary damages.

Lord Alvanley observed, that the injury of which the plaintiff complained, was one which entitled him either to very large or very small damages. The circumstances which had conduced to it, and the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived, were to be taken into consideration, before the Jury could appreciate the extent of what a plaintiff had suffered. With respect to the evidence offered by the defendant being a defence to the action, he readily agreed with the Learned Serjeant, in opposition to the opinion of a deceased Noble Lord, that it was not to be so considered. He was of opinion, that though the husband did conduct himself with unkindness or infidelity towards his wife, it did not justify an adulterer in invading his bed, and imposing a spurious offspring upon him. Nothing could constitute a defence but an husband's being immediately accessary to his dishonour. Evidence, such as had been offered in this case, could only go in mitigation of damages.—That evidence consisted in this: first, that the plaintiff and his wife did not live together in that harmonious manner which became a husband and wife, and that he had himself been guilty of a violation of his marriage-vow. He could not follow the Learned Serjeant in the supposition, that there was no foundation for what had been related by the defendant's two witnesses; but at the same time he agreed with him, that if, after the husband had acted improperly, his wife had forgiven him, and they had lived happily together at Rochester; that the defendant ought not to justify himself by adverting to the plaintiff's former errors. He wished there had been more satisfactory proof of the harmony that subsisted between the plaintiff and his wife at Rochester; and he should have liked to have heard some account of the intercourse between the defendant and Mrs. Bromley before she finally quitted her husband—*non constat*, that there was any criminal connection prior to that period. If the defendant had, after the plaintiff and his wife were living happily together, taken advantage of the circumstances of his former infidelity, in order to poison her mind and debauch her person, in such case, no damages could be too large, respect being had to his situation and rank in life. His Lordship said, he perfectly agreed with his brother Shepherd, as to the dreadful consequences that must result from the adoption

adoption of so monstrous a principle as, that the bed of a husband, who had been once unfaithful, and had repented, should be open to every adulterer. With regard to the measure of damages in this case, it must depend entirely upon the feelings of the Jury. Viewing the evidence on both sides; they would, no doubt, give the plaintiff what they thought he deserved.

The Jury retired for about half an hour, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, L.200.

ANOTHER CRIM CON RACE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 10.

Before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury.

MOORE *v.* DURNFORD.

MR HOLROYD stated, that this was an action brought by John Moore, Esq. against Anthony William Durnford, Esq. for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, in which the damages were laid at L.10 000 The defendant had pleaded not guilty, and on that, issue was joined.

Mr. Erskine said, he was counsel for the plaintiff, who had preferred his complaint against the defendant, for adultery with his wife. Mr. Moore had been married to this lady as long ago as the year 1788. She was the only daughter of the brother of the Earl of Meath, of course she was of a noble and honourable family. She was, at the period of her marriage, eighteen years of age, and her husband, the plaintiff, was twenty-four. He had then recently returned from his travels, and she had just finished her education at the boarding-school in which her father had placed her. She was not only a lady of superior beauty, but of a superior mind. He was not sure whether, now and then, such accomplishments as this lady possessed, did not lead to the unhappy catastrophe that formed the subject of the present action. Unless superior accomplishments were mixed with extraordinary virtues, they were extremely apt to lead the mind astray. If he was to chuse a wife for a son, or a friend, he should prefer a lady of a sound understanding, with those feminine virtues which constituted woman's chief praise The plaintiff, soon after he beheld a lady of such uncommon personal endowments and high attainments, married her. She was the mother of three children, the eldest fourteen, the second eleven, and the youngest four or five years of age. She was peculiarly capable of conferring the greatest advantages on her family, by that education which few children could look up to from a mother. It was fit he should say, that during the long course of the plaintiff and his wife's living together, to the date of this criminal connection, the plaintiff had no reason to doubt her chastity or honour; on the contrary, it was impossible for him to establish the fact of any adultery having been committed under his roof. For some months before her elopement, her husband observed a difference in her behaviour, an unusual degree of coolness, but without being able to discover the cause. Previous to this time, the defendant had frequently visited at the plaintiff's house, but there appeared no particular intimacy between him and the plaintiff's wife, that could justify the least suspicion. When a husband was careless of the honour of his wife; when he suffered her to be approached by a man, professing

 that

that his object was something beyond common gallantry and politeness; so far from his being entitled to be received in a court of justice, he deserved to be discarded with contempt, and shunned by society. Nothing was more disgraceful or dishonourable, than for a man to neglect his wife, and suffer her to be seduced under his own eye. Such a man justly became the victim of his own folly. It was impossible for any one to insinuate this of the plaintiff; he was, if possible, too jealous of his honour; he was so attached to this lady, that he could not even bear those freedoms which women of the most virtuous inclinations might indulge in, without inducing a suspicion to their prejudice He mentioned this, because so many cases had occurred, and probably would occur again, of men who had been privy to their own dishonour, claiming damages at the hands of a jury: and because he thought it necessary for a husband, prosecuting such an action as this, to repel the least imputation of his having been accessary to his wife's dishonour and his own disgrace. Mrs Moore had first become acquainted with the defendant, at a public breakfast given by the latter. Their means of forming a mutual attachment were facilitated by the defendant's visiting him with her mother, and receiving his visits. The defendant was considered as a man of character, and therefore the plaintiff had not the slightest idea of his attempting any thing improper or dishonourable; but the incense he offered at the shrine of his wife's beauty and accomplishments, won her to his love; and she became too affectionately attached to him for her future happiness. Her fatal passion was the cause of her deserting her house, and abandoning her husband, her friends, family, and children. The plaintiff was for some time unable to discover the place of her retreat; but at last he found her living with the defendant, and was enabled to procure that proof which would now be laid before the jury. He immediately put an end to all further communication with his wife, and brought the present action.—The learned counsel said, he was persuaded that, after the many cases of this description, submitted to the consideration of juries, it could not be necessary to enlarge upon the consequences of such a crime as that of adultery. What a husband's sensations must be on such an occasion, the feelings of those who heard him better described than any language he could employ. He left the case in the hands of the jury, confident he should receive that compensation in damages, such an injury merited, unless the defendant could break in upon his claim, by shewing misconduct or neglect on the part of the plaintiff.—He should not be able to lay before the jury any evidence of the fortune of the defendant, otherwise than that he was an officer in the Guards; but his Lordship would tell them, that it was unnecessary to do so, and that the damages to which the fortune of the defendant might be inadequate, he must pay in his person.

Mrs. Maria Tidswell said she was present at the marriage of the plaintiff and his wife, in the month of May, 1788. She knew the lady before her marriage, when she was Miss Brabazon.

Mr. M'Carthy was acquainted with the plaintiff, who was a gentleman of fortune, resident at Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire; he had intimately known him and his wife eight or nine years. Mrs Moore always appeared to be a woman conducting herself in a domestic and virtuous manner. He had no reason

reason to believe she was inattentive to any of the duties of a wife. The defendant was received in the family as a visitor. Mrs. Moore had three children. He never observed any irregularities on the part of the plaintiff, or any unwarrantable liberties taken with his wife. As far as he saw, they appeared to live comfortably and happily together. The lady was, he believed, a very accomplished woman; she was the daughter of the Earl of Meath's brother. On his cross-examination, he said, Mr Durnford visited the family frequently; but he never remarked any thing in his conduct that could give the least suspicion to the husband.

Mr. John Crane said he lived at Acton; he knew Mrs. Moore, and remembered her coming to lodge at his house on the 3d of July last. A Mrs. Gill had taken the lodging for her. He knew the defendant; he drank tea three times with Mrs. Moore, while she was at his house. She quitted his house on the 19th of July; she went away with Captain Durnford.

Mr. Raper stated, that he was a neighbour of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, at Great Berkhamsted. He was often at their house, and had opportunities of seeing the company that visited them. He never observed any thing improper or immodest in Mrs. Moore's behaviour: she was a woman of more than ordinary accomplishments; she was very capable of educating her own children; she had no governess in the house to superintend them. The behaviour of Mr. Moore towards his wife was uniformly that of an affectionate husband. He never knew any improper company admitted to Mrs Moore's society, or any gentleman visiting her who professed more than the ordinary gallantry due to the most virtuous of her sex.

Mrs. Taylor said, she lived servant with Captain Durnford, of Brockhill, on the 20th of July last; she had before lived in his service at Great Berkhamsted; she remembered Captain Durnford giving a public breakfast to the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood. The people of condition and fashion were there. Among the rest Mr. and Mrs. Moore. The witness was certain she knew her, for she came into the kitchen with Mr. Durnford's brother's wife; she had seen the same lady since at Brockhill; she was there before the witness came from Berkhamsted. There were two men servants and a woman servant in the family, at Brockhill, before the witness went to live there. The woman servant left the house on her arrival. There was no one in the house but Mr. Durnford, Mrs. Moore, the two men servants, and herself. There were two best beds besides the servants', but only one that was made. That bed the witness always made herself; she was certain the other was not made. When she made the bed, it always appeared as if it had been slept in by two persons. The defendant and Mrs. Moore breakfasted, dined, and lived together. On her cross-examination, she said her master was a very young gentleman.

Mr. Garrow observed, that he hardly knew any part of his professional situation which was less pleasant than the duty he had now to perform. He had the task imposed on him of defending a very young man, whose passions, inflamed and seduced by the accomplishments of this lady, had placed him in the unfortunate predicament in which he stood. He was in no condition to deny the fact of a criminal intercourse: he had no evidence to offer by which he could impute any misconduct to the plaintiff, or which could justify him

him in desiring the jury not to find a verdict against the defendant. The only remaining question therefore was, what damages ought to be given. Damages, in cases of this kind, must always depend upon the circumstances adduced in evidence. There were no actions which differed more in their various shades than those for criminal conversation. There had been cases in which juries were justified in giving large damages. Others in which the smallest were too large; and there were others, of a middle class, in which juries were bound to observe a course between the two extremes. The present case, he admitted, had been most fairly and candidly opened by his learned friend, who had refrained from pressing it beyond what the facts would bear. Imitating his candour, he would abstain from any observations that might add to the sufferings of the injured husband. He had only to present to the jury a very young and unfortunate person, who was called Captain only from that courtesy which applied such a title to every subaltern officer in the army. He was merely a Lieutenant in the Guards, and had no other means of support than what his pay as such afforded. This young officer unhappily found himself placed by accident in the neighbourhood of a lovely and accomplished lady, whose beauty he was unable to resist. He was not the intimate friend of the husband; he had not broken through the laws of hospitality; he had not seduced the wife of his friend. He was a very young man, of an agreeable and prepossessing manner, who had been in the habit of occasionally visiting the family of the plaintiff; he was not domesticated in his house; not even on any occasion did it appear he had taken a bed at it; but, by one of those fatalities too often seen in the world, he had become attached to a lady whose charms he ought to have resisted. "All I have to say," observed the learned counsel to the jury, "is this, in your justice be merciful. The defendant has been guilty of an offence which I cannot justify; and if I had the powers of my learned friend, to make an eloquent address on his behalf, the question must come to this, what damages ought to be given? that question must be determined by the facts. Recollect, it is not the case of an hoary adulterer, seducing every woman that comes in his way; it is not the case of a man ingratiating himself into a family, and for the mere gratification of an unlawful passion, destroying the peace and happiness of a husband. The defendant, I repeat, is a very young man; it is a calamitous case for all parties; and I know I cannot do better than leave his case in the hands of the noble judge and jury, who are so competent to the discharge of their duty."

Lord Ellenborough observed it had been properly suggested, that cases of criminal conversation were of various complexions, and capable of various degrees of aggravation. He had only to observe, that in the present one there did not appear to have been a train of seduction laid by the plaintiff. It appeared that the lady was away from her husband, for what reason had not been proved, that she took a lodging on the 3d of July, at Acton, and quitted it on the 19th. That during the time she was there, the defendant visited her three times; but there was no evidence to shew that he had seduced her to leave her husband's house. Having been antecedently a visitor in her family, and interchanged those common civilities usual among persons of condition; the defendant found her at this lodging, and afterwards went away with her to Brockhill,

Brockhill, where they lived under circumstances which made it fair to presume a criminal intercourse had taken place; they slept together in the same house, in which there was but one bed made up, consequently the jury must suppose a criminal intimacy, especially after the evidence of the servant, who had stated, that the bed had the appearance of two persons having slept in it. It was hardly necessary to recapitulate the evidence. It appeared the plaintiff's wife, was, before her marriage, a Miss Brabazon, daughter to the brother of the Earl of Meath; that she was an accomplished lady, of engaging manners, and that she had lived happily in the society of her husband. There had been no account given of her departure from her husband's house. He did not think that, in the absence of all evidence, respecting the cause of her departure, that the Jury ought to fix her seduction on the defendant; they could only judge from the evidence before them. As the defendant had met her after she had quitted her husband, it was possible that compassion for her situation, on hearing that she had fled from her house and family, might in some degree, have influenced his solicitations. That he was liable to damages there could be no doubt, for he had put the seal on the husband's dishonour, and for ever rendered it impossible for him to receive his wife again. The crime of original seduction was not fixed on him by the evidence. These were the only observations the case suggested. The jury would give such damages as constituted a fair compensation for the injury, stripping it of the circumstances of previous seduction, and of those higher aggravations which usually attended cases of deliberate means to alienate the affections of a wife; they would recollect the defendant had found the lady in a state of separation from her husband, and in that situation had seduced her to his arms.

The jury retired about half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *One Thousand Pounds.*

LAW CASES.

Palace Court, Dec. 3.

LOUGHNAN v. WADE.

THE plaintiff, a merchant in the city of London, having occasion to buy a horse, applied to the defendant, a respectable horse-dealer, to provide him with one, which he did, under an especial warranty, that the horse was *safe and quiet to ride*, but that he would not answer for him in harness. On this warranty he paid L.8 on account for the horse to Wade, and after bridling and saddling him, he mounted his new purchase, who, disliking his rider, went down all-fours; wishing to make another attempt on his horse's temper, he again mounted, and was served in like manner; as this temper was not indicative of *safety* to his person, he returned the horse to the dealer, demanding a re-payment of his L.8; which being refused, the present action was brought for the recovery of that sum.

The whole of the case being fully proved by two very respectable witnesses, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.8.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 10.

WHALLEY v. MOORE.

THIS was an action for the value of a mare alledged to have had her knees broken, and to have been otherwise

otherwise materially damaged by the improper treatment of the ostler of the defendant, who is the owner of the livery stables at which she was kept

The defence at first appeared to be somewhat curious; it rested on the following points: 1st. That in point of fact, the mare's knees had not been broken, nor had she received any material damage while in the custody and keeping of the defendant; 2dly, if she had, that it was not the fault of either the defendant or her ostler; that it was an *accident*, and that *the cat had done it*, and not the ostler.

The witnesses for the plaintiff were, first, a person of the name of Sheridan, who had formerly been the plaintiff's groom. On his direct examination, he swore that the mare's knees were broken; that he heard the defendant confess that it had been done by the ostler; and that the value of the mare fell, in consequence of it, from twenty pounds to about seven: but, upon cross-examination he admitted that the mare's knees were not broken or cut, but only the hair rubbed off, which, however, he considered as a great blemish.

The Gentleman who afterwards bought the mare from the plaintiff for L.10, the saddle included, was next produced; but on cross-examination he said, he had not given a farthing the less for the mare on the account of that blemish, but that she was otherwise unsound.

Lord Ellenborough said, that upon this ground the plaintiff must be nonsuited: but if the defendant had been obliged to rest his defence on the story of *the cat*, he thought it was *prima facie* so improbable, that it would be somewhat difficult to persuade a jury of the truth of it.

Mr Erskine declared, that if he had been obliged to enter into a defence, he could have perfectly justified his client and her ostler from any imputation of misconduct, *and thrown all the blame upon the cat*: he could have proved the whole con-*cat*-enation of things which produced the accident: he could have proved that a *cat* (no party to the present suit) jumped, without any provocation, out of a widow into the street; how a *dog* (likewise no party to this suit) then pursued *the cat*; how the *cat* run under the *mare's legs*; how the mare was *frightened*, and immediately began to *paw*; and how in *pawing* she rubbed one leg against a *wall*, which occasioned the injury: if those facts had been fully proved, they would have made a very good defence, by proving that it was not any misconduct of the defendant or her servant, but an accident, arising from this strange con-*cat*-enation of circumstances, which produced the mischief complained of.

Lord Ellenborough said, that certainly, if all this could be proved, it would amount to a good defence.—Plaintiff nonsuited.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 14.

DAVEY *v.* CHAMBERLAIN, *and* ANOTHER.

MR. GARROW stated that this was an action to recover the sum of L.61 : 11 : 2, being the value of a horse, which was killed by the defendants, in negligently and carelessly driving a single horse chaise against the animal, by which it received so severe an injury, that it shortly afterwards died.—The value of the horse was L.60, and the residue of the demand arose from expences incurred in consequence of the accident, which he contended the defendants were bound to pay; for

for if men would conduct themselves so improperly as the present defendants had done, they ought to pay all the expence of the mischief arising from their inattention and misconduct. The circumstances of the case were as follow:—On the 30th of October last, Mr. Davey, the plaintiff, was going to visit his father, at Wandsworth; and it being past seven o'clock, he joined company with a gentleman going the same road, but who till that time was a perfect stranger to him, and whom he would call as a witness. They had just passed Vauxhall turnpike, Mr. Davey being close to the path on his own side of the road; so that no possible defence could be made as to his being on the wrong side, when the chaise came driving furiously upon them—so furiously, that it was impossible to escape. The consequence was, that the off shaft struck into the horse's flank, and the bowels came out through the wound. When they had done this mischief, they did what persons in the wrong usually do; namely, they attempted to drive away, without stopping to afford any assistance to those they had thus injured; but Mr. Papineau, the gentleman in company, galloped after them, and learned whom they were. He should shew the furious manner in which they drove by what passed a few moments before. They then passed the Portsmouth coach, and challenged the coachman to drive against him, telling him they would give him "a hot one." As he did not accept their challenge, they quickly drove past him, and in less than five minutes the accident he now sought recompence for happened.

Mr. Papineau, and Lazenby, the Portsmouth coachman, proved in evidence the above statement.

In the defence, Mr. Erskine attempted to make a distinction in favour of Chamberlain, because he did not drive, consequently had not the dominion of the horse; but the learned Judge held they were both liable, except it could be shewn that the one was the master of the carriage, and had merely taken the other in as a passenger. Mr. Erskine then attempted to shew that the plaintiff was on the wrong side of the road, but failing in proof, the Jury gave a verdict for the whole sum laid in the declaration.

HOW TO BECOME A LOBBY LOUNGER.

HAVING given instructions in our former volumes to a Bond-street, a Park, and a Coffee house Lounger, the preparation of such gentlemen for the Theatre comes in next, of course. Luckily his preparation requires little trouble; it consists merely in having your *half-boots* re-cleaned, and putting a little fresh *walnut-juice* on your face. Thus you are ready to *personate* a GENTLEMAN. For the old practice of *dressing* for the Theatre is done away; and a man who, some years ago, would have been stared at as a clownish, not to say an indecent figure in the two-shilling-gallery, is now quite the *tippy* for the boxes. Do not forget to take with you the *stick*, which has ornamented your hand the whole day: and this stick, I need not tell you, ought to be short, thick, crooked, and full of knobs and snags; in short, just such a stick, as you would expect to find upon the most desperate looking footpad that was ever brought to Bow-street. There is something so *gracefully characteristic* in this stick, that it forms an important article in the fashionable accoutrements of a *Lobby Lounger*, and must by no means be neglected. Take care never to be seen with what is erroneously called a handsome

some cane with tassels: it costs a great deal of money, and is not half so genteel; indeed, the *Lounger* ought to be caned that uses it.

With this *valuable* and *striking* piece of timber in your hand, about eight o'clock repair to the Theatre; you will see the half-price people going in; but do you remain behind, till you suppose the fourth act has commenced; then stalk through the lobbies, setting down your foot so firmly, and at the same time thumping the floor with your stick so stoutly, that the attention of the people in the lower boxes, and perhaps of some in the upper, may be diverted towards the lobby in order to see *who* is coming. Call loudly to the box-keeper; and when he has opened one door, and you have enjoyed the *stare* of the company in that box, *bang* the door to again as hard as you can, and recall the box-keeper to open another; and thus you may, *da capo*, this musical entré, this overture of your appearance, as long as you please, or while it will produce the effect of giving you an air of consequence, and you can possibly hear any body say, "*Who is it?*"

You are now to determine on the box in which to take your station, and this is no light matter. Casting your eyes carefully round, giving at the same time a very consequential and terrific frown, you will observe several groupes of *Female Loungers*, the terror of the timid, and the delight of men of spirit, like you. If you discover among them *one* more distinguished than the rest for Amazonian manner, and extravaganza of dress, especially if she attract the attention of the audience, and still more if she be interrupting it, make your way instantly to her, no matter whom you may disturb, and begin some of those *profound* and *critical* observations on what is passing, which usually distinguish your tribe. But take care to talk loud enough; and be *extremely* cautious in two particulars—*first*, not to sit down, and *secondly*, not to pull your hat off. If you are civilly requested to do both, by any of those *queer ones* that come to see the play, and who, you will observe, are interested—and it is a poor play that does not interest in the fourth act—cast upon them a look of pity; or rather of contempt, and just intimate that you are going, but continue to address your Amazonian in a *louder* tone, and express your astonishment that any body can have patience to sit such a *bore!* It is very probable you may be again requested to cease your interruption. And now comes a nice question, whether you shall comply, by withdrawing, making as much noise as you can, and *banging* the door after you; or whether you shall be highly offended, and create disturbance sufficient to stop the performance? The most advisable is the latter method; it will inevitably produce an exchange of cards, and your name will be trumpeted in the next morning's papers, a gratification for which any man may reasonably risk his life.—Not that you run any such risk; for none but one of your *own sort* will thus far honour you. A man of *real courage* and a *Gentleman* has but one way of treating a *Lobby-Lounger*, whom he may deem *impertinent*—the *mistaken* term which they will apply to such behaviour—and that is, by quietly taking hold of the *handle* of his *face*, y'cleped the *nose*, and peaceably leading him out of the box into the lobby, where the *Lobby Lounger*, being on his own ground, may bluster and fight if he dare, and be not interrupted by that kind of *kick* which has been observed to produce the most pacific effects. You will, therefore, always be watchful of the company you may intend to honour with a display

play of your fashion and consequence, and make good use of your phisiognomical acquisitions.

But, as in all other affairs, you may best carry your points by *confederacy*,—pre-concert every thing with a *Brother Lounger*, and you may both acquit yourselves with *eclat*, disturb the audience with *striking effect*, interrupt the performance *famously*, and flourish in the newspapers *to admiration!* Of this I can safely say, *probatum est*, which you must know, is Latin for *a damn'd good thing!*

If, however, it so happens, that either mal-accident or your own discretion—for, as *Falstaff* says, "the *better* part of *valour* is *discretion*."—has prevented any *grand* occurence taking place during the play, you have various opportunities, in the lobby-rooms especially, and even in passing out of the Theatre, of applying your skill in the production of what may redound to your fame, and distinguish you in the ephemeral annals of the *Lounger's Calendar*.

BOB BLUSTER.

P. S. As a Lounger ever effects to be witty; and as we know that even great wits, have short memories, it may not be amiss to sum up all we have said here, in a kind of brief, take therefore the following definition:—A *Lobby Lounger* is a senseless *thing*, who talks extremely loud, without knowing the *meaning* of what it *utters*. It is the contempt of the *wise*, and the feeble victim of the *Guilty*. Its head is a *vacuum*, and its humour consists in *rude noise* and *horse laughter*. It is totally ignorant of the DRAMA, and does not know whether the tragedies of HAMLET and MACBETH were written by SHAKSPEARE or SOLOMON. It flutters from box to box like a wounded Jackdaw, has a vacant stare and unceasing grin. It is apt to quarrel about a PROSTITUTE, has a very light pair of heels, and is very *expert* in *running away*. These animals are links of the same chain, from the youthful *Peer*, to the well-dressed *Pickpocket*.

BOXING.

BLACK SAM AND THE BOOT-CLOSER.

MONDAY morning, November 30, a great concourse of people flocked to the Wormwood Scrubs, about four miles from Tyburn Turnpike, to see a pitched battle, for twenty guineas a side, between a Jew of the name of Black Sam, a person not much in the habit of fighting, but who has long been considered an adept in the art of sparring; and a young man, a boot-closer, well known as a pugilist. Tom Jones seconded Black Sam, and Seabrook seconded his opponent.

At one o'clock, the ring being formed, they set to, with the odds six to four in favour of the Jew. The battle consisted of thirty-two rounds, and never was witnessed more severe fighting.

The first round, the Jew hit the boot-closer a violent blow on the nose, from which the blood gushed out; it appeared also bent, and he fell to the ground.

The second round was in favour of the Christian. On the first set-to, he gave the Jew a knock-down blow; however, the odds still continued on the side of Black Sam.

They continued the battle, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth round, without any material odds on either side, although much hard fighting had taken place.

The sixteenth round, the Jew feigned

feigned a blow at his opponent with his left hand, but struck with his right, and hit him a severe blow on the right eye, which caused it in a short time to swell and close, and he was never able to recover the sight of it during the remaining part of the battle. The odds at this time the same as at starting.

Notwithstanding the boot-closer had lost the sight of his eye, he continued to fight hard, and in the twenty fifth round had the odds in his favour, having placed a severe blow on the Jew's right eye, which also closed, and they were now considered on an equality.

The thirty second round, which was the last, they both seemed determined to decide the fate of the battle, each fighting in a most savage and ferocious manner; the Jew, however, being the strongest, followed his opponent up, and placing a blow under the boot-closers chin, knocked him down, which finished the battle.

After this severe contest was concluded, the boot-closer lay in a state of total insensibility, and could not be moved off the ground for near an hour. This was thought at first to have proceeded from the very great fatigue he had undergone; but as late as ten o'clock on the same night, he had been attended by a surgeon, and great doubts were entertained of his recovery.

The Jew was also much beat.

GEORGE MADDOX AND PITTON THE JEW.

A MATCH being made between them, on Monday, December 13, for 20 guineas a side, they repaired to Wormwood Scrubs. A greater concourse of people was never remembered on any similar occasion than appeared in the roads leading to the field of battle. *Buggies, chaise-carts, dust-carts,* and vehicles of every description, were in requisition, to convey the amateurs to view the scene. There were also pedestrians innumerable, and a great proportion of horsemen. When the whole assemblage had reached the place of destination, they experienced a most mortifying disappointment: a number of Bow-street officers, attended by a posse of constables, had been sent to Wormwood Scrubs by the Magistrates, to prevent a fight taking place; and if any attempt to set to was made, to take the offenders into custody. Thus circumstanced, a consultation was held by the *gem'men of the fist,* what was best to be done in so critical a situation, when it was agreed that they should disperse in different ways, and meet again at the five-mile stone on the Edgware road, and so elude the vigilance of the officers. The parties then set off, and never was seen such splashing and jostling. Broken vehicles were laying in every quarter. On arriving at the place appointed, it was found that of the two combatants only Maddox made his appearance. The multitude waited for nearly two hours for Pitton; but no Jew arriving, and it being past two o'clock, the cavalcade began to move towards town; and every thought of a battle was for that time given up: however, shortly after, a courier arrived from Wimbledon Common, with information that Pitton was there, waiting for his opponent. This news infused fresh spirits in the crowd, and they set off to Wimbledon Common, by the way of Putney, with all possible dispatch. It was near three o'clock when they reached the place, where Pitton, and a number of his friends, were waiting; and as the day was far advanced, the two combatants began to strip while the ring was forming; and at precisely

five

five minutes before three o'clock they set to

The battle consisted of seventy-four rounds, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of pugilism, and such hard fighting was never before witnessed. The first three rounds were considerably in favour of the Jew, who knocked down his antagonist each time, without receiving the slightest injury. For many rounds afterwards the battle turned in favour of Maddox, about seven to four, when it changed again on the side of the Jew; indeed, it was observed that the odds, during the conflict, shifted alternately seven times. At about the sixty-eighth round, it was clear that the Jew had the advantage, which he continued to keep till the seventy-third, when each exerted his utmost strength. Skill had been laid entirely aside, after the three first rounds; and at the conclusion of the seventy-third round, they both fell. The seventy-fourth round was decidedly in favour of the Jew, and no doubt was entertained of Maddox being under the necessity of giving in, being dreadfully beat both in the face and body; but, to prevent that, Maddox's brother, with a strong party of friends, broke into the ring, and stopped the further progress of the battle, under the pretence of its being dark. This brought on a sort of general engagement, and a great deal of bloodshed took place, from the blows received by sticks and the fist. At length the affray was settled, and it was agreed that the combatants were not to resume the battle again that night, they having already been engaged for an hour and ten minutes. The Jew was seconded by Lyons, an Israelite, and Maddox by Joe Ward.

Pitton beat Tom Jones upon Wimbledom Common, about a twelvemonth past.

THE NARAGANSET HUNTER.

As a party of Naraganset Indians were one day hunting on the borders of Dorchester, in the Massachuset, they stopped at the house of a Mr. *Minot*, and demanded food and liquor; but being repulsed, on account of their numbers, they went away with evident marks of resentment; and Ohquamehud, the Schaic, swore by his father's head, that he would revenge the affront put upon himself and people. To that end, he left behind him a desperate fellow named *Chicatawbut*, who hid himself in the bushes, to take advantage of the first opportunity that might offer to execute the orders of his chief. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Minot mounted their horses to go with the produce of the farm to a distant market for sale Chicatawbut perceived them going, and rejoiced at the prospect that presented of robbing the house. Minot, it seems, had some opinion that the hunters would return, and had given his maid-servant a strict charge to be upon her guard, and not open the door to any that might apply for that purpose; above all, not to venture abroad with their two children, but wholly content herself with confinement until his arrival. These orders she faithfully observed, and soon after she saw Chicatawbut cross the ferry, and proceed towards the farm. The servant knew him immediately to be one of the hunters, and beheld him approach and look about him with the greatest caution, and then rush, as upon his game, to the door of the house; but finding it shut, he attempted to mount the window, when, perceiving the intention of the savage, the young woman instantly placed her master's infant children under two brass kettles, giving them every persuasion

suasion to lie still, and not to utter a word till she came to them again; then running up stairs, she loaded her master's musket, and stood upon the defensive. Chicatawbut was beforehand with her, and presented his piece, which he fired, but providentially did her no hurt. She then fired in her turn, and shot the Indian through the shoulder. He was not, however, so much wounded as to give over his design; but she had resolution enough, as he was entering the window, to thrust an iron shovel full of live coals into the face of the murderous Chicatawbut, which, lodging in his blanket, caused him to fly, roaring like a wounded buffalo; and the next day the Naraganset was found dead in the wood, upon the skirts of the town.

This affair being made known to the Massachuset government, the young maid was honoured with their approbation, and presented with a silver wrist-band, on which her name was engraved, and this motto:

"She slew the Naraganset Hunter."

GAME COCK.—CAPTAIN OF THE MARLBOROUGH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

TO the many instances that have occurred, where the high spirit and noble courage of the game-cock have been made conspicuous, I shall, with your permission, add one more, which, if you judge worthy of insertion, may be placed in your monthly publication.

A true bred stag had been so far neglected, by the breeder, as to be sold with a number of other fowls, to the Captain of the Marlborough, 74, for his sea-stock. The purchase was made previous to the departure of the British fleet that sailed under the gallant Earl Howe, in the month of May 1794, about which time the cock was deposited in the coops on board, for the purpose of being brought to table. On the glorious first of June, the fate of the above ship, whose intrepid bravery led her into the hottest scene of action, is too well known to need any explanation. Suffice it to remark, that the enemy's shot had destroyed all the convenience made on her poop for keeping the live stock, and the fowls were flying about in different parts of the ship. Some time after the engagement had commenced, all her masts were shot away by the board, and smoke, hurry, and alarm were general;—when the main-mast went, which was broken about eight feet from the deck, the cock immediately flew to the stump, where he began to flutter his wings, and to crow with all the exultation so commonly observed in a conquering shagbag; a circumstance so singular in its nature, that the tars who were viewing it, conceived a noble resolution from the example, and actually maintained the same sense of triumph as did the cock, until victory and glory crowned the gallant contest.

The spirit of the noble bird became the subject of much observation when the ship arrived in the Hamoaze, and many curious spectators came from different parts of the country, to see the feathered hero that had so proudly shewn the genius of Old England, exulting in the moments of victory.

Bold Chanticleer himself, also became the particular favourite of Lord Lenox, who received him as a valuable present from the gallant Captain of the Marlborough, and he

he now proudly struts in a walk that his Lordship has put him in at Plymouth-dock, with a silver collar round his neck; where he remains to generate a race of plumed bipeds like himself, unparalleled in the universe. N.

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Bowman's Glory*; *or, Tracts on Archery*: To which are added, the Second Part of the Bowman's Glory. By T. Roberts.

Here is an author who is properly an enthusiast in the love of this celebrated English weapon; and, in the illustration of his favourite science, as he does not think the minutest detail uninteresting to his reader, he has made considerable additions to the *Toxophilus* of the famous *Ascham*, chiefly from scarce books: and by his diligence he has rendered his work of considerable importance, being at the same time curious, instructive, and entertaining. And we perfectly agree with the Critical Reviewers, "that the use of the bow should never be suffered to become obsolete in the hands of Englishmen."—Some extracts in a future number.

History and Antiquities of the Parish of St. David, South Wales. By G. W. Manby.

As a general knowledge of topography cannot be indifferent to a sportsman, so, in works of this kind, many curiosities in natural history must necessarily occur; we have, therefore, from the work before us, selected the following, as a specimen of the author's talents in the description of the wild-fowl, and the falcons anciently bred upon the rocks of St. David.

"To this island, and the rocks adjoining, yearly resort such a number of migratory sea-birds, of several sorts, as none but those who have been eye-witnesses thereof can be prevailed upon to believe, the cliffs being nearly covered with them. They chiefly consist of the Elyug, the Razor-Bill, which is the Merc of Cornwall; the Puffin, which is the Arctic Duck of Clusius, and a variety of Gulls. Here they come to deposit their eggs, and rear their young; in places so high and rugged as to be almost inaccessible to the foot of plunder, or the hand of violence. Their visits and returns are very precipitate; for, after the breeding season, they depart in the night. In the previous evening, the rocks are all covered, and the next morning not a bird is to be seen. In like manner, on their return, in the evening not a bird will be seen, and the next morning the rocks will be full of them. They also visit commonly for a week about Christmas, and then finally take their departure till the following breeding season. The Elyug, and the Razor-Bill, lay but one egg each, on the bare rock, never leaving it until it is hatched, and their offspring able to follow them—the Gulls are their deadliest enemy. The Puffin much resembles the parrot with an arched red beak; they breed in holes vacated by the rabbits. The vast number of eggs laid on these rocks, are, when in season, the principal subsistence of the poorer sort of the inhabitants about St. David's; the eggs are about the size of a duck's egg, beautifully spotted, and variegated in colour; so much so, that it is even said there are not two alike.

"From this island, it was formerly the direct place of embarkation to Ireland; but those who are

are conversant with the tides do not give much credit to this opinion. The high rocks upon St David's, were however famous for breeding the most celebrated Falcons for hawking, but there has not been any seen for some centuries past. These Falcons were preferred to all others by King Henry the Second, and are of that sort which are called by sportsmen, Peregrines, and which Augustus Thuanas of Esmer, in his excellent piece on Falconry, termed Hieracosophion.

Low is the crest, the body oblong grows
Of plumage grace; pale colour'd legs, whose toes
Are thin and wide, round beak."——

Every Man his own Judge; or, Grandeur and Utility pointed out in the Formation of a Horse, &c. with the best and safest way of Nicking. By Thomas Hornby Morland, Ipswich—Printed for the Author.

For the transmission of the above mentioned ingenious treatise we are indebted to one of our country correspondents. This is perhaps one of the many provincial productions, that a variety of causes sometimes contribute to keep out of the metropolis. Any thing published in the country relative to the chase, sports, games, &c. we shall ever be glad to hear of from any of our correspondents and readers, whether of ancient or modern date—but to return to the work before us, Mr. Morland, justly observes in his first page, "There is not any animal which commands and deserves the admiration of mankind so much as a fine horse; and, in support of his opinion, he quotes the celebrated description of that animal in the 39th chapter of the book of Job, verse 19 to the end, to which, as an illustration, we have taken leave to add the remarks of M. Rollin.

"Hast thou," says the sacred writer, "given the horse strength? hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha: and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Every word of the above would merit an explication in order to display its beauties, the latter part especially, which gives a kind of understanding and speech to the horse. —Armies, it should be observed, are a long time before they are set in battle array, and are sometimes very long in view of each other without moving. All the motions are marked by particular signals, and the soldiers are appointed to perform their various duties by the sound of a trumpet. This slowness is importunate to the horse; for as he is ready at the first sound of the trumpet, he is very impatient to find the army must have notice so often given to it. He murmurs secretly against all these delays, and not being able to continue still in his place, nor to disobey orders, he strikes the ground perpetually with his hoof, and complains, in his way, that the soldiers lose their time in gazing upon each other.—He, as Job says, *swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.*

In his impatience, he considers as nothing, all such signals as are not decisive, or only point out some circumstances to which he is not attentive —neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet—But when it is in earnest and its last blast calls to

to battle, then the whole countenance of the horse is changed. It would appear that he distinguishes by his smell, when the battle was going to begin; and that he distinctly heard the general's orders; and that he answers the confused cry of the army by a noise which discovers his joy and courage. *He saith among the trumpets Ha! ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains and shouting.*"

His noble air, as Mr Morland observes, and grandeur, strength, swiftness, longevity, sagacity, and docility, have rendered him the delight of mankind, in all countries, and in all ages; in short, there is something captivating in his whole appearance, in all his gestures and actions.

The present strain of English race-horses, hunters, and road-horses, are the produce of those, which have been imported from different countries, but chiefly from the Eastern nations. Several English gentlemen have been at very great trouble and expence in procuring fine Horses from Arabia, Barbary, and other adjoining kingdoms, as they are allowed to excel the rest of the world in the breed of blood-horses. In Arabia, a fine horse is worth from L.1000, to L 2000 sterling, and one of this sort is considered a sufficient fortune to a child on marriage.

The young men of quality will not intrust one of those to the care of his servant, but will himself see him regularly dressed and fed; and I am credibly informed, they are so much attached to a favourite animal as to sleep in an adjoining apartment, lest any danger should befall him in the course of the night.

The diversion of horse-racing seems chiefly confined to the English: we have therefore been at great pains in training horses for the course, and I am confidently of opinion, we have attained to such a degree of perfection in this art, that it does not admit of any further improvement; our race-horses having more speed, and being able to maintain it longer than those of any other kingdom in the whole world.

Although we cannot boast of originality in fine horses, yet it may be asserted with truth, that we have used the best means of improving the breed, by crossing ours with those of distant countries, famed for their superiority, and are at present in possession of a most beautiful strain.

Taste is required as much in the judgment of a horse, as in that of a painting, or piece of sculpture; I shall therefore be under the necessity of giving a minute and particular description of each part distinctly, and separately, which united, will form a complete horse, according to the rules of proportion, and agreeable to the received notions of grandeur and utility.

Mr. Morland being of the same school with Mr. J. Lawrence, and Taplin, who may justly be stiled Philanthropists in the equestrian science, we shall in the next place proceed to borrow some of his general observations on the construction of stables, choice of a lady's pad, breaking of horses, &c. in a following number.

Rural Sports, by W. B. Daniel. To the former entertaining extracts from this interesting production in Vols. XIX. and XX. upon Coursing, &c. we have now to add the observations of that experienced writer upon

THE HARE.

This, he remarks is an animal too well known to need particular description, further than to shew, that nature, ever bountiful to her creatures, has to this defence-

less one been largely so. Its ears are constructed for conveying the most remote sounds, and to warn from the distant danger. A Hare under pursuit has an imperfect assistance from her ears sideways or straight before, and her chief excellency in hearing arises from her sensibility to sounds from behind. This is the perfection and primary cause to which its preservation is owing, the talent of running being only a secondary quality; but to perform this function, its legs are extremely muscular, especially the hinder, which are remarkably long; their length gives the Hare a singular superiority over its pursuers in ascending steep places; and so sensible is the animal of this, as always to make toward the rising ground when started. The eyes of the Hare are so situated as to enable her, when at rest on her seat, to observe without difficulty, and almost without motion of the head, a whole circle; they are perpetually *open*, whether she be *waking* or *sleeping*, and are so protuberant, that the lids are too short to cover them when asleep. She moves her nostrils frequently when sleeping, and often whilst awake; she *then* winks her eye lids; and yet the Hare, *when running*, from various incidents that have occurred, seems to use her sight (which, from the form and situation of the eye, is admirably calculated to espy impending danger from every quarter) imperfectly forwards, and to direct it chiefly towards her pursuers, so much so, as to endanger her safety. As an instance—in Sandpit Wood, in the parish of Terling in Essex, a pack of Fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkennelled, and the hares, of which, as well as of foxes, there were plenty in the cover, were many of them [illegible] bed. In one of the paths, a hare met and ran against a terrier who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently killed; the dog with some difficulty was recovered, but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

The habitual timidity of the Hare, and its perpetual apprehension of danger, preserve it lean, and in a state the best adapted to profit by that speed which forms its security. The feet are protected by a thick hairy covering, which in dry or frosty weather gives it great advantage over the dog pursuing it. The Hare never walks, but jumps; in the day-time it very seldom quits its form, but at night searches for and procures its food, always returning through the same *Meuses*.

> "With step revers'd, she forms the doubling maze,
> Then, ere the morn peeps thro' the clouds,
> Leaps to her close recess."

Of this return by the same paths, the poacher too often avails himself with snares or nets.

The Hare possesses the sense of smelling in a high degree of perfection; though the *Poacher* take his stand with every caution, and let the Hare approach with all boldness toward the spot, the instant she winds him, another track is immediately taken. Although this natural faculty secures the Hare from the *lurking poacher's gun*, an experienced *Snarer* will turn it to his advantage; he will find where the Hare relieves, and by spitting near the other Meuses, and leaving the one where the *business* is to be done clear from any taint, the snare *therein* set, is *sure* to be fatal.

Her near approach in colour to the ground, hides the Hare from the sight of its enemies, man, birds, and beast of prey. In northern countries, providence, careful to preserve every species of animal, causes the fur of the Hare, as well as of many others, to become white

in

in winter, which renders them less conspicuous in the snow. Instances have been known of white Hares in South Britain; and the late Mr. Doughty of Leiston, in Suffolk, had plenty of Hares of a much lighter grey than the wild rabbit, and which were of the usual size. In a wood belonging to Mr. Corbet, of Strawbury Park, in Shropshire, a Hare, very nearly of a pure white, was killed in November 1797, which weighed upwards of nine pounds, and a singular account is given for this change of colour, which is imagined to have proceeded from the animal being over heated, to which its *terror* may be added. About two years since, she was coursed a very long distance by a leash of greyhounds; one of the dogs caught, but died whilst the hare was in his mouth, and she then made her escape; the other two greyhounds were to all appearance dead, but by immediate bleeding and proper treatment, were restored. As a proof of its being the same Hare, half of the scut remained in the dog's mouth that died, and when the Hare was taken, she wanted that part. This Hare was often seen, and was at last killed by a pointer, when upon her form. Her skin is preserved as a curiosity.

In Siberia was once seen by Mr. Muller, two Hares of a jet black, and wonderful fine gloss, and in the winter of 1768, near Casan, a third was taken; these much exceeded in bulk the common kind.

Hares vary in their size; the smallest are in the Isle of Ilay; the largest, (where some have weighed twelve pounds,) in the Isle of Man. They are sometimes met with in England from ten to eleven, but the general weight is from seven to eight pounds and an half.

According to Buffon, Hares are larger and stronger in proportion to the coldness of the country they inhabit. In their natural state of liberty, they are never *fat*; but a Hare, when tamed and fed in the house, often dies merely from the load of fat which she acquires. It is said that warreners used to stop the ears of their Hares with *wax*, and that by thus being freed from the fear of sound, they soon became fat.

The Hare's most favourite food, is pinks, parsley, and birch; in hard weather, haws have been found in their droppings; and in young plantations they are highly injurious, by eating the bark from the trees, which they will do from every sort, except the alder and lime. A Suffolk gentleman in 1798, was obliged to destroy his Hares, near some new plantation, and the amount of what was known to have fallen victims, was *five hundred and forty-one brace.*

The Hare does not pair, but pursues the female by its sense of smelling; they breed during the whole year, except about two months or ten weeks in the severity of winter. The female goes with young one month, usually has two, sometimes three, and very rarely four; but in the spring of 1799, in the orchard of W. Cole, of Helions Bumpsted, in Essex, seven young Hares were found in one form; each was marked with a star of white in its forehead. This mark, according to received opinion, is always seen when the young exceed two in number.

The mother suckles them about twenty days, after which they separate and procure their own food, making a form or seat sixty or eighty paces from each other; so that when we meet with one young Hare, we are almost certain of finding more within a small distance. According to Buffon, the Hare is the only animal which has hair in the *inside* of the mouth. The breast of the Hare is narrow, and at

at the same time the chest is most capacious. During the time of its being hunted, the lungs are in a continual state of violent expansion, and by the frequent inspiration and expiration become in the end so vastly distended, as to require a much larger space than is assigned for the purpose; the chest therefore is fashioned to receive more breath, or give the lungs more room to perform their office, than any other creature.

The superfœtation of the Hare is recorded as a rare instance of fecundity. Sir Thomas Brown, in his treatise on *Vulgar Errors*, asserts this circumstance from his own observation, and Buffon describes it as one of this animal's peculiar properties, and from the structure of their parts of generation, he argues that the notion has arisen of Hermaphrodite Hares; that the males sometimes bring forth young, and that some are alternately males and females, and perform the functions of either sex; but as the Hare breeds frequently in the year, there needs not this property to be suggested or contended for, as a reason for their increase. A brace of Hares, (the doe pregnant when shut up,) were inclosed in a large walled garden, and proper plants supplied for their sustenance. At the expiration of twelve months the garden was examined, and the produce was *fifty-seven* Hares, including the original parents.

The Hare lives six or seven years, and comes to maturity in less than one; the young are known by the easy breaking of the *under* jawbone, and the same process will determine the age of rabbits. The feeling and situation of the joint of the fore-leg, as described when treating upon the rabbit, will shew the young from the old Hare. The cleft in the lips spreading very much, and the claws being blunt and rugged, and the ears dry and tough, are likewise signs of age. On the contrary, when the ears tear easily, the cleft of the lip is narrow, and the claws are smooth and sharp, the Hare is young. The body will be stiff, and the flesh of a pale colour when newly killed; if limber, and the flesh turning black, it is stale.

The Hare is applied to uses very different from what it formerly was. Our ancestors deemed it impious to taste its flesh; their descendants, on the contrary, brave pains and *penalties* to obtain it for their tables. The Romans reckoned a young Hare a great delicacy, and the wing the best part; our modern *Gourmands* (especially of the city) do not give their suffrages in favour of any particular joint; the *largest* Hare is, by them, usually considered the best.

(To be continued.)

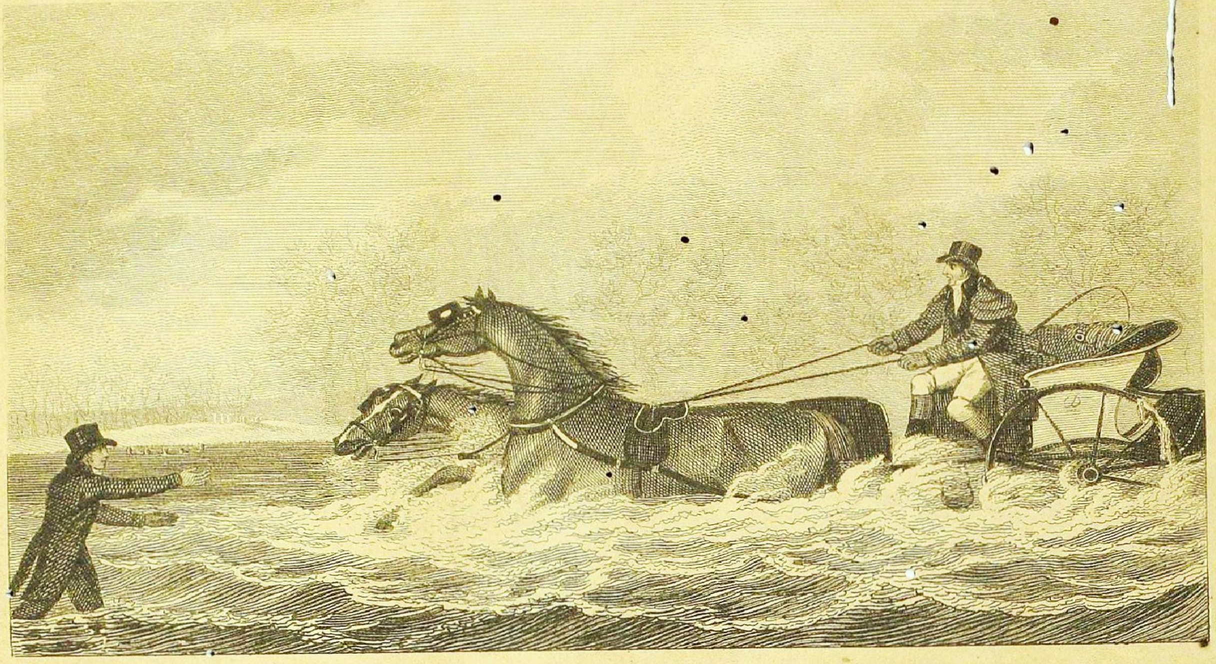
THE HYDE PARK DISASTER.

An Etching from a design of

SARTORIUS THE YOUNGER.

THE accident which befell a gentleman of the name of Dozer in Hyde Park, on Sunday the 29th of November, and which is described in our last Magazine, page 55, gave adoption to the design from which the above-mentioned etching is taken—the account referred to, was not a newspaper production, but written by a gentleman who was present, and an eye witness to the accident. Should this plate meet commendation equal to that of a horse falling from a precipice given in our Magazine for October last, the artist who gave the design, and the engraver who finished it, will have little cause to complain of the want of that fair proportion of public approbation, to which their respective merits entitle them.

COVENT



Hyde Park Disaster, Sunday, Nov.r 29, 1802.

Published according to Act of Parliament Jan. 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Saturday, December 18, 1802.

THE laudable exertions of the Manager of this popular Theatre, justly entitle him to universal approbation and patronage. Ever eager to treat his audience with something novel and meritorious, he readily adopts, and produces such new pieces, as are offered by the best dramatic writers; then, with a liberality equal to any *Mecenas* of antiquity, apportions his rewards to the comparative merits of each piece. Thus, while he evinces himself a noble patron to the man of talent, he gratifies his audience, and exalts his own interest. When we contemplate the numerous class of human beings who are dependent on his judgment for livelihood and comfort, we cannot with-hold the meed of praise, nor can we reflect on the pleasure and amusement experienced at his Theatre, without feeling some obligations to the Manager. To elucidate the foregoing remarks, we need only instance the *Opera* of this evening, and its ingenious author. Mr. T. DIBDIN, with genius and talents singularly adapted for dramatic writing, with "wit at will," and powers remarkably prompt, and ready in the production of the witty, and pathetic, English ballad, found a discriminating patron and friend in the above gentleman. The latter has brought forward the writer's pieces with energy, and the former has proved himself worthy of *his* and the *public's* approving encouragement.

The Opera of this evening is the avowed production of this author, who has already treated the public with "*Five Thousand a Year*," and also instituted a "*School for Prejudice*," where "*The Jew and Doctor*" may take lessons, and "*A Horse and Widow*" will be taken in.

The Characters and Fable of *Family Quarrels* are as follow:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Peppercorn Crabstick	Mr. Munden.
Squire Foxglove	Mr. Incledon.
Mushroom	Mr. Emery.
Argus	Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Supplejack	Mr. Simmons.
Charles Supplejack	Mr. Braham.
Proteus	Mr. Fawcett.
Lady Patience Crabstick	Miss Chapman.
Caroline Crabstick	Miss Waddy.
Susan	Signora Storace.
Mrs. Supplejack	Mrs. Davenport.
Kitty	Mrs. Dibdin.
Lady Selina Sugarcane	Mrs. Mattocks.
Betty Lilly	Mrs. Martyr.

The first Scene presents a romantic view of a village, in which the adjacent mansions of the two families, whose quarrels give a title to the piece, are beautifully pourtrayed; in the fore-ground is a rustic bridge, and a cascade in motion. The piece opens with an assmblage of sportsmen, anglers, and huntsmen, one of whom (Squire Foxglove) relates that Sir Peppercorn Crabstick has broken off a match between his daughter Caroline and Charles the son of Mr. and Mrs. Supplejack, because the latter, proud of her own honourable origin, has looked down upon the newly acquired title and fortune of Sir Peppercorn, whose greatest pride is to own his obligations to trade, and the successful efforts of his own indefatigable industry.—In their mutual anger, the heads of the two families introduce new plans of marriage for their respective offspring. Lady Selina Sugarcane, the chattering widow of a West India nabob, is brought from town as a match for Charles, and Miss Caroline is destined by her father to meet the addresses of Matthew Mushroom, Esq. a rich Yorkshire clothier, who is preferred by Sir Peppercorn for his great fortune, and for the obscurity of the family he springs from. Charles, however,

however, by the assistance of his friend Foxglove, procures an interview by moon light, with Caroline, which is discovered by the vigilance of Argus, a trusty servant of Sir Peppercorn's, who suddenly catches the lovers together, and forbids her admirer and his friend ever to approach his house in future.

In Act II, Caroline is configned close prisoner to her chamber; her maid Susan, however, contrives, in the disguise of a gipsy, to convey a letter to Charles, whose parents and intended bride she amuses by pretending to tell their fortunes. Peter Proteus, who is actuated by gratitude to Charles, and an antipathy to Argus, (who had superseded him in Sir Peppercorn's service) deceives the latter in the disguise of a Jew, and effects the escape of Caroline, who to avoid being seen in her flight, rides from her father's in a post-chaise, which Mrs. Supplejack had prepared to convey Charles to London, in hopes that absence might detach his affections from Caroline, who by this accident is sent away in the self-same conveyance, and with the very man it was designed to take away from her.

Act III, after some preparatory scenes, discovers to the enraged parents the joint flight of their children, at a time when each were applauding their own sagacity in preventing their union.—Charles and Caroline are received by 'Squire Foxglove, the common friend of all parties, who employs his influence with the old fellows in their behalf. —Mr Mushroom and Lady Selina, finding themselves equally disappointed in the event of their journies to the village, make a match of it. While Sir Peppercorn Crabstick and Mrs. Supplejack, finding all their plans frustrated, agree to drop their absurd disputes about ancestry and trade, to try the union of the two young lovers, to put an end to Family Quarrels.—Mr. Supplejack and Lady Patience Crabstick most heartily assent to the arrangement, having been perfectly passive through the business, while the joint services of Proteus and Susan are rewarded with a marriage portion.

This constitutes the foundation of an Opera, which promises to reward its author with additional fame and fortune. Yet, it had nearly suffered damnation on its first performance, by a seemingly strange circumstance, which we will endeavour to develope in the sequel.

Our Author, like the sage Physician, wisely appropriates his prescriptions to the constitution of the patient. Thus, knowing the partiality of John Bull for bustle, variety, and character; and also to laughter, and a good song; he has brought the whole of those requisites into the present composition, and seasoned it with a "few flashes of wit," bons mots, and repartees. Indeed, when we consider the nature and tendency of comedy, to satire, folly, and affectation, by public ridicule, we must allow that our Author has happily succeeded.—Some grim, *vinegar critics*, will contend that comedy is degraded by its aproximation to farce; and that Mr. Dibdin's pieces are all of the latter description. In replying to this, we hope to be clearly understood as not merely vindicating an individual, but opposing the evidence of popular opinion to that of insolated partiality. A dramatic writer who wishes, or expects to succeed in the present state of society, must not run counter to the expectations and partiality of it; nor will he be likely to derive much *useful knowledge* from that class of critics who fix their standard of excellence in the Greek, Roman, and our

our English classics. A living Author must hold

"The mirror up to nature."

And, as the goddess is continually changing her features, by the modification of fashion, so must the writer catch every variety, and incorporate it in his Drama. Besides, the frequenters of the Play House are more partial, and reasonably so, to Thalia, than Melpomene: and the prudent dramatic caterer appeals to them, for popular approbation and support. Though we could easily illustrate the foregoing remarks, by an examination of theatrical annals for the last ten years, yet obstinacy and prejudice would not yield to reason and fact. However, as some are happily unprejudiced, let us appeal to them on the present occasion, and relate a few circumstances concerning Family Quarrels.

By some very *unfair* proceeding, a story had been circulated among the Jews, that Mr. Dibdin had ridiculed or satirised their tribe in his new piece. This roused the Israelites, and they consulted means to damn the opera; which they endeavoured to effect the first night of its representation, by assembling in great numbers in *all* parts of the House.

Before the curtain drew up they began an opposition, and continued to *disturb the audience* and players all the evening; man determined on *mischief*, cannot sit *easy*, but immediately Mr. Fawcett appeared in the assumed dress of a Jew, the stifled plot burst forth in disgraceful uproar, and though the players and *christian auditors* solicited, and *begged* for *peace*; the *bearded* enemy refused to capitulate. Nay, so savagely warlike was their conduct, they refused every overture of pacification, even from a beautiful woman*, and continued clamorous till hoarseness and fatigue dampt their *damning* spirits. The *Christian auditors* finding *themselves* thus *insulted*, resolved to support their *own* characters, and defend the whole theatre on the future part of the evening, and the following nights: this they have done effectually, and the Israelites will have cause to blush, if a *blush* can permeate their *beards*, for their folly. Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Cumberland have, perhaps, misunderstood the character of these gentlemen, and judging from their *own dispositions and virtues*, have made three or four of them, *honest, good men*; this was a satire not to be borne, and they resolved to hurl their indignation against the former writer for his falsehood. Who is most to blame, time will discover.

The plot of Family Quarrels is simple, the incidents natural, and calculated to keep expectation alive; the characters in general well drawn and strongly coloured; and the songs emanate from this piece with more propriety than from any other we are acquainted with. The play strongly cast, and its music composed by men of great talent. Its *effects* are the most powerful we ever witnessed.

Though we have bestowed praise, yet we could *easily* find fault; but that was not the intention of our essay. Besides, we think that many of the diurnal critics have been more *censorious* than *discriminating*.

Operas are generally the most insipid, and unnatural monsters of the brain; but here we find some "*Rhyme and Reason*" in the songs, and in their mode of introduction.

LITTLE B.

* Miss Waddy with great energy of expression *intreated silence*.

DEATH

DEATH OF

MR. ROGER KEMBLE.

ON Monday morning, December 6, died in London, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Roger Kemble. This gentleman's name will always be memorable in Dramatic History, on account of those talents in his offspring, which have so eminently contributed to give lustre to the English Stage. Mr. Roger Kemble, very early in life, ventured upon Theatrical Boards. He married Miss Ward, the daughter of Mr. Ward, a contemporary with Quin on the London Stage, and who afterwards became the Manager of a very respectable provincial company of performers *. By this Lady †, who has the misfortune of seeing her venerable associate in life drop into the grave before her, he had a numerous train of children ‡, to whom he gave all the advantages of education, which it was in his power to bestow, and whom he had the pleasure of seeing arrive at an height of fame and fortune by the fair exertion of industry and genius. Mr. R. Kemble possessed a very good understanding, and was well acquainted with life. He was a respectable actor, though he never appeared more than once on a London Stage, when he performed *The Miller of Mansfield*, in the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of his son Stephen, and displayed good sense and unaffected humour ||. He was always respected for prudence and probity; and he quitted the Stage of Life, fully entitled to approbation and esteem for the Part he acted, till the last awful falling of the Curtain.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE took leave of the town, after performing Shylock, on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst. at Drury-Lane.—His address was in the character of Sir John Falstaff. He first tells the audience, that his brethren of the sock, at Newcastle, had foreboded his want of success on the Loudon Boards, who are made to exclaim—

What! vainly hope from them applause to win,
Who still remember—HENDERSON and QUIN.

To this, he says,

But my resolves ill-bodings could not daunt,
"For I'm no coward—tho' not JOHN of GAUNT."

And, in conclusion,

Once more, farewel—Ah! how 'twould warm my heart,
Could I but hope you'll say as I depart,
While my demerits you forbear to scan,
"We could have better spar'd a better man!"

* Acting at the Theatres in Stafford, Lichfield, Coventry, &c.

† Of the professional abilities, and the private virtues of Mrs. Kemble, every one who knows her speaks most highly; and to her admirable example, in a great measure, is, doubtless, to be attributed, the high rank and reputation held by her children.

‡ Their surviving offspring are, Mrs. Siddons; Mr. John Kemble; Mr. Stephen Kemble; Mrs. Twiss, formerly Miss Frances Kemble; Mrs. Curtis; Mrs. Whitlock, formerly Miss Elizabeth Kemble, now the first actress in America; Mr. Charles Kemble, of Drury-Lane Theatre; and Mrs. Mason, late Miss Jane Kemble, of the Theatre, Lancaster.

|| This was long after he had given up the management of his Theatres, and had retired into private life. He acted to serve his son on his benefit night; and the curiosity of the public to see him was so great, that hundreds could not gain admission.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE Duke of Grafton being *fox-hunting* near Newmarket, a Quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla!—The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the Duke, that, galloping up to the offender, he asked, in an angry tone —"Art thou a Quaker?"—"I am, Friend," replied Broadbrim.—"Well, then," rejoined his Grace, "as you never pull off your hat to a *Christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *Fox*."

A man, whose name was *Cotton*, having a dispute with a neighbour, they agreed to decide the business by their fists; and the former being vanquished, a punning spectator observed, "*Cotton* is *Worsted*."

A gentleman who suffered much under a painful disorder, was ordered to take a dose of *laudanum*, but fell asleep before it was administered. His friend, a gentleman from Ireland, roused him vehemently from his nap, exclaiming, "You must not *sleep* till you have taken the *sleepy-potion*."

A very curious circumstance happened lately, during divine service, at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy:—As the Rev. Mr. Martin was reading the service, and had just uttered, "O! Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world," a house-lamb, belonging to Mr. Stephen Rouse, made his appearance at the entrance of the church, and *baa'd*; in consequence of which his master, Mr. S. Rouse, was obliged to get out of his pew, and turn him out of church.

A poor Irish labourer lately applied to a lady for her interest to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill. The lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lying-in* Hospital. "That's the very one I want," cried Pat, in an extacy, "as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have no place to *lie in*."

A *personable young woman* advertises, in a provincial paper, for a service. She says she is well qualified to manage a *single gentleman*.

Lately, at a company dinner of paper-makers, printers, &c. at Edinburgh, one of the toasts was—"May rags clothe the company."—The band very appropriately, played, "We'll a' be happy in our auld claise."—Another toast was—"Mr. Addington, and the rest of the peace-makers."—The band immediately struck up, "De'il tak' the wars."—One of the toasts on this occasion intimated that the gallant 42d had turned the French *Invincibles* into *Invisibles!* The music echoed it with "Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled?" and "The Highland Laddie."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR sporting friends will be happy to hear that the King's Plates for the year 1802 are all receivable. During the war they were kept back, particularly towards its conclusion.

Paris, Nov. 27.—The First Consul still pursues his labours with very little relaxation. The day before yesterday he took the diversion of the chase; but, in the midst of it, he was thrown from his horse, and fell upon his head. His companions were greatly alarmed for his safety, as he remained for some time without motion; he was merely stunned by the fall, and had received no personal injury. The fact was, that his mind being occupied with other matters, very different from that in which he was engaged, he clung, but mechanically, as it were, to his horse, and was flung from his seat by a sudden spring of the animal. In a similar state of mind, he narrowly escaped a few days before, from being overturned into a deep ditch, when taking the air with Madame Bonaparte in an open carriage.

MATCH AGAINST TIME—Mr. Willaby, of Blickling, near Aylsham, Norfolk, weighing 14 stone 3lb. betted 30 guineas he would ride his own mare, 15 hands high, rising 7 years old, 90 miles in 10 hours. He accordingly started on Thursday morning, the 25th ult. at six o'clock from the ten-mile stone on the Aylsham road. The animal went 70 miles in 7 hours and 20 minutes; upon her return at St. Faith's, it was thought proper to give her water, although before she had drank only wine and porter mixed. She faultered much before reaching the starting place, and on her arrival, being quite spent, she was obliged to give in.—Many bets, to a considerable amount, were depending, the odds being in favour of the mare. He had agreed to sell her for 40l. if she had won, and it is believed, had she not drank water, that would have been the case.

A PONEY, only four years old, and not exceeding twelve hands high, the property of a horse-dealer, at St. Pancrass, was engaged lately, to trot five miles in twenty minutes, which was performed on the Hatfield road, one minute and a half within the time.

A GREAT number of people assembled at Two-mile-bridge, near Dublin, on Monday the 13th, to witness the decision of a bet, for fifty guineas, that a mare belonging to Captain Robbins, of the 12th Light Dragoons, should, in a sporting manner, clear a six-feet wall. She performed it evidently with ease, carrying a lad of eleven or twelve stone weight.

A MATCH for 200 guineas was this month run upon Warwick Course, between a horse the property of Mr. Canning, and another belonging to Mr. Hawkes, which was won by the former by only half a neck; a very excellent and well contested race. Bets, before starting,

ing, five to four in favour of Mr. Hawkes.—The match was a two-mile heat, and the horses were rode by gentlemen.

A wager of twenty guineas was lately decided on Westbromwich-heath, by a gentleman of Wolverhampton, who engaged to walk 40 miles in 10 hours; he fixed upon the last mile upon the heath leading to Wednesbury, and walked the ground in nine hours and twenty minutes, having breakfasted and dined in the time.

A PEDESTRIAN at Scarborough lately undertook to run on the sands ten miles in an hour, which he effected within that space of time, in the presence of numerous spectators.

On sunday morning the 19th, at eight o'clock, started from the Horse-Guards, two gunsmiths, for a wager of ten guineas, to walk round St. James's Park, which was performed in twelve minutes, supposed to exceed one mile and a quarter; the one aged 21, and the other 36, who has won many bets, but was beat by the former by 100 yards: supposed by the spectators to be equal to the famous Powell.

A FOOT-RACE took place some days ago in the Green Park, between a *Tongue* and a *Pike*, both of Piccadilly. The sum pending was considerable. At starting the betts were greatly in favour of the former; victory, however, after a very smart contest, declared for *Pike*.

THE ten fine Persian horses, destined by the Emperor of Russia, as a present to the Margrave of Baden, passed through Hanover on the 21st ult. Among them are four white stallions of exquisite beauty.

ON Sunday, November 28, a naval officer pranced down Rotten-row, mounted on his bit of blood. Either by an improper use of the spur, or the want of judgment in the management of the reins, the animal became restive, and his rider not being able to keep him to the bias, he sprung repeatedly from one side of the road to the other. In one of these frisks, he ran foul of a lady's horse so furiously as to upset both the horse and its fair rider. Happily neither were hurt. The female equestrian remounted, and the tar proceeded on his voyage. He had not proceeded far, before his steed again shewed marks of disobedience, and, to the surprize and consternation of the pedestrians, the animal leaped with his rider over the railing into the footpath, where he upset all that came in his way. Fortunately nothing serious arose in consequence, and the Son of Neptune being dismounted, his steed was soon secured.

IN a pleasant village near the metropolis, noted for its constant "tea and turn out parties," the extortion of *card money* had lately risen to such a pitch, that it was no unusual thing for the lady of the house, upon the breaking up of a table, to immediately examine the sub cargo of the candlestick; and, previous to the departure of her guests, proclaim aloud the lamentable defalcation of a pitiful shilling, which they might perchance have forgot to *contribute*. We are happy to find that some of the most respectable people in the place have resolved to discountenance and abolish this *shabby genteel* custom, which has too long prevailed; a shameful degradation of every thing like English hospitality.

THE visitors to Mr. Concannon's *petites soupers*, at *Paris*, are not attracted by *billets* previously circulated, but by *cards*, afterwards *dealt out* in an elegant and scientific manner: not to mince the matter, they are the rendezvous of *deep play*; and the only questionable point

point about the matter is, whether the *Irish*, or the *French*, will prove victors at the close of so desperate a winter's campaign?

A SPORTING man, named Goose D——s, is said to have netted L.6000, by the last October Meeting, at Newmarket.

THE Duke of Bedford has generously fulfilled the request of the late Duke, his brother, by granting a bond of annuity of 2000l. per ann. to Mr. Tekell, of the Temple, and Colonel Byde, of Cavendish-square, in trust for Lady Maynard.

THE Marchioness of Salisbury's dwarf fox-hounds are in high reputation: they have had a succession of fine runs this season, in which her Ladyship, by dint of superior jockeyship, has generally contrived, with the Squires of the Chase—"to leave them at a distance behind."

LATELY died, at Thornville-Royal, aged 27, the well-known stallion, Jupiter, son of Eclipse, out of the late Mr. O'Kelly's Old Tartar Mare.—And on Thursday died, at Clifton, near this city, of a locked-jaw, in consequence of a prick of a thorn in one of his feet, Mr. Clifton's horse Lancaster, son of Sir Peter Teazle, out of a daughter of Dungannon.—*York Herald.*

LATELY died at Bristol, in Pennsylvania, a female slave named Alice, aged 116 years. She was born where Philadelphia now stands, and remembered the ground which the city covers when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians, its chief inhabitants, hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and the beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived.

THE celebrated *Botany Bay* Barrington is said to have died there some time ago, in a state of insanity, leaving a property to the amount of L.12,000.

A WOLF lately attacked several persons in the Commune of Lieux, in France, some of whom were dreadfully wounded, but the animal was at length shot. The Prefect of the Commune has granted a reward of 150 francs to two citizens who delivered the country from the ravages of this animal. The landholders in that quarter propose to arm their shepherds with swords and muskets.

FRANCES COE, a female poacher, was sent to Cambridge Castle, on Tuesday se'nnight, she being detected in taking a snare off a hare's neck, and another was found in her apron.

A WHITE HARE.—It having been confidently affirmed by several persons, that a white hare had been seen on or near Crowborough Common, Sussex, Thursday the first instant was the day appointed for the destruction of the poor animal, when upwards of one hundred persons assembled, with the Rotherfield hounds, to witness the death of such an extraordinary hare. She was soon found and started, (white, sure enough); and after an excellent chase of upwards of an hour, running nearly the whole time in full view of dogs, horses, and men, she was killed on the common near the Beacon; when behold, upon examination, it appeared that poor puss had been in the hands of some WAG, who had cropped one of her ears, and, with great dexterity, actually PAINTED her completely—WHITE!!!

AN Eagle was lately shot in Mr. Byass's grounds, near Londesbrough, in Yorkshire, whose wings, extended, measured two yards and a quarter.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

WHEN THE MORN STANDS ON TIPTOE.

A Celebrated Hunting Duet.

WHEN the morn stands on tiptoe 'twixt mountain and sky,
How sweet 'tis to follow the hounds in full cry;
When the bright sparkling due-drops the meadows adorn,
How sweet 'tis to follow the echoing horn.

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, &c.

Yet, greater the pleasure when love leads the way,
A Nymph to pursue that's more bright than the day:
But the joys are divine, when, pursuing we find
The Nymph is o'ertaken, the Fair-one proves kind.

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, &c.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

From Nimrod's Songs of the Chase.

DECEMBER is a month,
When British brains are addled;
The morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle saddled;
For a hunting we will go.

What pleasure is so excellent,
As wheep and cut and spur;
What music can compare,
To the yelping of a cur;
When a hunting, &c.

Actæon was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate;
But we will take our wives with us,
And so avoid his fate;
When a hunting, &c.

If in a ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcase chance to stick in,
We're champions all, and fight the cause
Of gander, goose, and chicken;
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chase
Should cost a man his breath,
We're all militia Captains now,
And who's afraid of death?
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break sly Reynard's neck,
In pastime e'nt it merit;
And if perchance we break our own,
Why, damme, e'nt it spirit;
When a hunting, &c.

But, if a Quist won't quit his bed,
For sports so blithe and bonny,
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt
And call him Macaroni;
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
Since nothing so bewitches,
Like spending all the winter long,
In boots and leather britches;
When a hunting, &c.

NEW

NEW

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Henry VIII.—*Act* I.

IN journies, nothing so befits a man,
As gentle pace upon a double horse;
"While fair and conjugal discourse, as sugar,
"Makes the hard way sweet and delectable."
But, when the huntsman's horn blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of a racer:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the courage,
Defend the brains with a hard-favour'd cap;
In scarlet's bright array throw off from cover,
Let the new boot sit tightly on the calf,
Like the smooth wax; then dash through thick and thin,
O'er fearful leaps; nor reck confounded falls.
Now swill'd with floods, now drench'd with soaking rains,
Set fast the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breath, and stick in both the spurs
Up to the rowel head!—On, on, you nobles,
Whose blood's deriv'd from fathers of scull-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many frantic Nimrods,
Have in these parts, from morn till eve, knock'd up
Horse after horse, for lack of argument!
Dishonour not your pedigree; attest
That those, whom you call'd fathers, tutor'd you:
So tutor you your sons, grooms, whippers-in,
And teach them how to leap! And you good yeomen,
While freedom's in the land, preserve the foxes,
Tho' we cut up the pastures: so we'll swear
That you are worthy of your rack-rent farms:
For there is none of you so mean and base
To mind the damages we do your corn.
I see you stand, like jockeys, in your stirrups,
Straining upon the state; the game's in view,
Follow our spirit, and upon the ...
Cry—Tallyho! England! and Fox-hunting!

ANOTHER.

Romeo and Juliet—Act II.—*Scene* 2.

THE grey-eyed eve brings on the smiling night,
Chequering the streets and squares with lamps of light;
And modern Fashion ne'er from table reels,
But drives to crowded routs his chariot wheels.
Now, ere the Sun advance his glaring eye,
The day t' intrude, and night's dear joys to spy,
I must fill up what hours my luck awards
With rattling dice, and precious spotted cards.
The night, that plodding business doth entomb,
Calls up enchanting revels in its room;
And, at the call, gamblers of divers kind
For plunder meet, in desp'rate league combin'd;
None but know some, most, ev'ry trick to cheat,
In all the frauds of villany complete.
O! mickle is the pow'rful chance that lies
In Ace, King, Queen, and their three qualities:
No game so low, that on the cards is play'd,
But on the cards the greatest bets are laid;
Nor aught so high, but, strain'd from its fair use,
Revolts from pastime, leading on abuse;
Shuffling can turn up Palm, if well applied,
And Palm by flush is sometimes dignified.
Within the stately rooms of yon first-floor,
Hazzard hath residence, and Faro pow'r;
Winning at this, with ducats fills the purse;
Ill-luck at that, resounds at ev'ry curse.
Two such opposed foes in mortals meet,
As well at cards—fair dealing—and deceit—
And where the worser doth suggest the plan,
Full soon, with pistol, Death does up that man!

J. J. B.

ADDRESS.

...DDRESS.

Written by Mr. Kemble, and spoken by Mr. Egerton, at the Theatre in Stockton.

NOW, that we're all at peace, alive, and well,
Let's, with Othello, cry, "Oh! now farewell
The steed, the trump, the banner, and the car;
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
Ye pin-head hearted heroes, pale and wan,
Know, now, the soldier's occupation's gone!"
"Are you in earnest, faith, and troth, now pray,"
Cries honest Teague—"and did you mean to say,
That peace was com'd? Oh! Heaven bless your Honour,
This won't be news, perhaps, to Judy Connor!
Oh, Judy! Oh, my shoul! when I complain
Of Judy's love, Chay-horse is come again."
"Hoot mon," cries Sandy, "Chaos is the word;
Your pronunc'ation, child, is quite absurd!
Ye ken, we speak pure English i' the North;
Inquire for Sandy Stewart, of Arbroath."
"Arbroath!" a wounded soldier cries,
—"Arbroath!"
Unwilling, yet, he seem'd to speak his worth!
Whilst conscious honour gave a thousand charms;
Tho' he had lost one leg and both his arms:
"I'm of Arbroath," he said "in Egypt's field
We fought, and forc'd th' Invincibles to yield;
Proud day for Scotia, when her sons were reckon'd,
The glorious Scotchmen of the Forty-second:
To bagpipe tune, the Frenchmen danc'd a reel,
Each Highlander his broad sword us'd full weel;
And all my limbs I'd lose, ere any say,
Ah! Wolly, lad, ye were na there that day!"
"Why, that's well said," replies an English tar,
"And, faith, I've had my share of this here war;
I fought with Jarvis, Duncan, Nelson, Howe;
To prate of which, what argufies it now?
Peace is proclaim'd, and we have done with blows,
Tho' I have lost one arm, and half my nose:
What then, there's Chelsea, aye, and Greenwich too,
Where they lay up such damag'd red and blue;
Rather than France should triumph on the main,
Maim'd, as I am, I'd go to sea again!
Whilst British sailors love their native land,
France, Spain, and Holland! Pshaw, they may be dam'd."
"Now, blesh my shoul" Isaac the broker cries,
"If there's a peace—the stocks will surely rise!
I must go borrow all the cash I lent,
And let out yesterday at chent per chent!
I'll run on 'Change—the news is hardly blown,
I'll buy up stock, before it's better known!
There it shall lie and breed—and guineas plenty;
The treaty sign'd, of one I will make twenty."
"Yes, commerce," cries the merchant, "once again
Shall woo the winds, and court the fickle main;
See France and Britain, link'd in social ties,
See laurel'd peace, descending from the skies!
Definitive, upon her breast, I read:
On her bright zone, England and France agreed!
Our guardian angels, leading commerce, smile,
The wealth, the strength, the bulwark of our isle:
Lo! happy millions, anxious on the strand,
Impatient wait, to see the goddess land;
Hark! Music fills the pause of loud huzzas,
The king receives a loyal people's praise;
Still,"

Still," he exclaims, buoy'd upon Fancy's
wing,
"I hear them grateful shout—God save
the King."

A NEW SONG.

HOLD your bother, and hear a tight
lad from the nation,
And loudly let's join in a chorus, my
boys;
As War has turn'd out but a queer specu-
lation,
Because we're at peace, let us make a
great noise.
To peep at your fortune if any one axes,
Why shew all your swans that were for-
merly geese,
And boast though your blessings disguised
are like taxes,
Your two-penny loaves are but two-
pence a-piece.

The Children of Care may demure be as
Quakers,
Whilst gloom, ever frowning, our pas-
time reviles;
A set of sad features may suit undertakers,
But Mirth's jolly sons always glitter in
smiles.
With wine and dear women of life I grow
fonder,
They brighten my day, and enrapture
the night;
And, if too much liquor should make my
mind wander,
It wanders, believe me, 'midst scenes
of delight.

Of the joys that give relish to this mortal
state, Sir,
'Tis beauty and wine that compose the
chief part;
As you're quaffing your liquor you're
mending your nature,
While it lightens the head, 'tis expand-
ing the heart;
As it stirs in the fancy it aids beauty's
charms, Sir,
So each fill a glass to the girl he loves
best,
Then attend Cupid's whispers, and fly to
her arms, Sir,
And the tumults of love be the prelude
to rest. J. S.

EPILOG[UE]

Spoken at the Theatre, in Town-Malling, in the character of a Free Mason's Wife, by Mrs. Sullivan, after the Entertainment of The Lock and Key.—*Written by a Gentleman of that Place.*

"THREE years have now elaps'd, dear
spouse, I cried,
Since you were Bridegroom, I the happy
Bride;
And now I own the best of blessings lie
In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie;
There dwells the heart-felt sweet, the dear
delight;
There peace reposes, and there joys unite;
Of them I've shar'd, your confidence de-
serv'd,
And from connubial duties never swerv'd;
Then tell me truly why I ever find,
On certain subjects you're so disinclin'd;
Indeed I mean not, husband, to intrude,
But from your Lodge why do you us ex-
clude?
The French, I'm told, more civil and po-
lite,
Our sex in open Lodge with them unite;
Shall Frenchmen then exceed our generous
youth?
O how absurd!—unnatural!—uncouth!
Forbid it British gallantry and truth!
As you excel them in th'embattled field,
To them the palm of beauty never yield;
If Masonry improves the mind and heart,
Pray why conceal from us the charming
art!
And, as for *secrecy*, we ne'er reveal
What virtuous prudence teaches to con-
ceal;
And Fame speaks true, or trust us where!
or when!
Ladies keep secrets better than the men."
This had its due effect—good luck befal,
Kind-hearted soul, he said he'd *tell me
all*—
And though the Craft might think him
much in fault,
He could not hide from me one word or
thought.
He told me then of *Masonry* all he knew,
And I'm resolv'd to tell *great part* to you:
The *token* is—hush! hush! *Sincerity*—
The *word* is *Love*, the *sign*, *Fidelity*—
To tell you more I'm not at liberty,
Because my heart's the *Lock* of which he
keeps the *Key*.